

# OUR GLAD HOSANNA



By

REV. ROBERT LOWRY

AND

W. HOWARD DOANE CO.

NEW YORK:

TIBBALS & SONS,

124 Nassau-street.

F 46112


L 95556

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

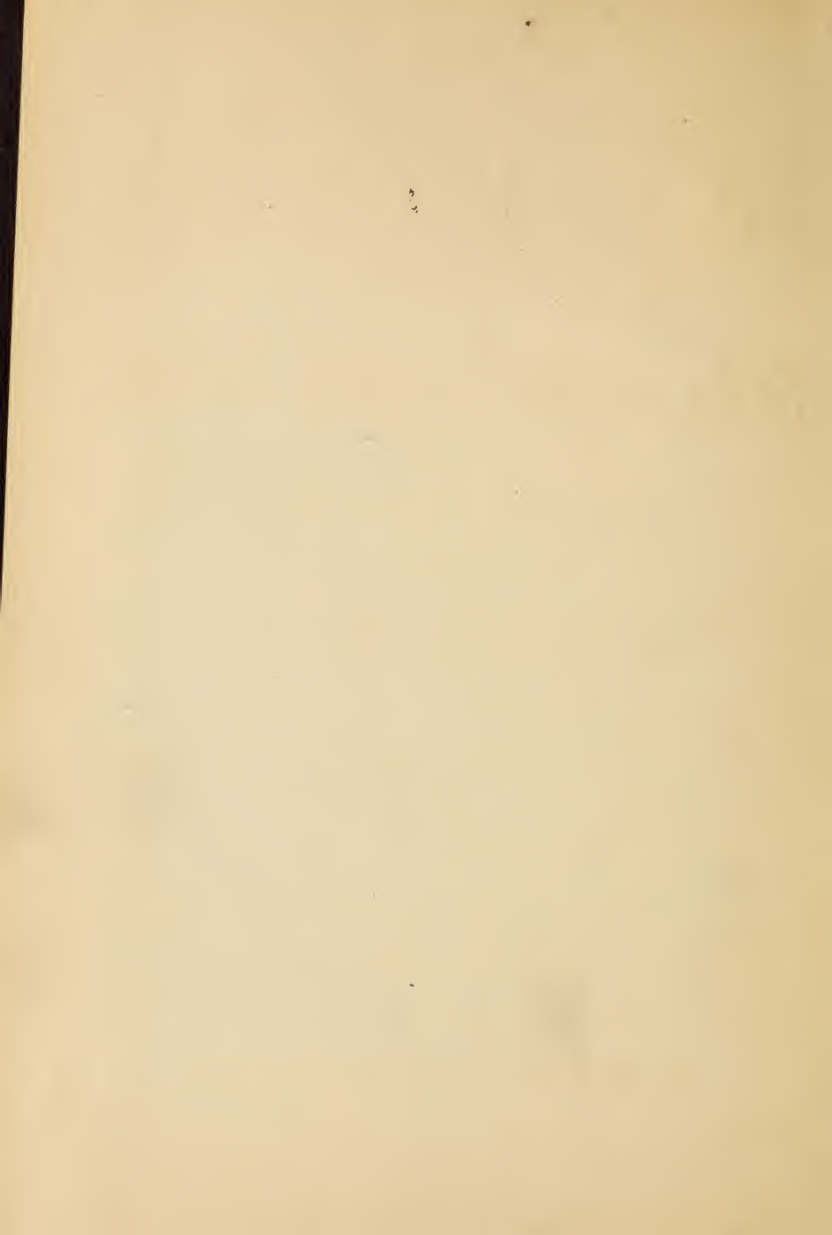
Section

SCB  
2189



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/ourgladhos00lowr>



27  
OUR



# GLAD HOSANNA

FOR THE SERVICE OF

Song in the Sunday School,

THE SOCIAL GATHERING,

AND

The Prayer Meeting.

---

BY

REV. ROBERT LOWRY

AND

W. HOWARD DOANE.

---

Biglow & Main, New York and Chicago.

PHILLIPS & HUNT,  
New York

WALDEN & STOWE,  
Cincinnati.

## PREFACE.

---

THIS new volume of Hymns and Songs is sent forth to meet a demand which has long been felt for a book which combines Hymns suitable for Prayer and Social Meetings, with those which are especially adapted to Sunday Schools. Many Churches desire to have the children learn in the Sunday School the hymns used in the Public Services, so that they may more readily join in this part of worship.

The Hymns of this collection were selected by Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D., of New York, who has given special attention to Hymnology for years past, and we are confident they will prove acceptable to all Christian worshipers. Those for the special use of Sunday Schools were provided by the Editors.

We trust the book will meet the demand which has called it into existence.

**PUBLISHERS.**

# OUR GLAD HOSANNA.

## I. OUR GLAD HOSANNA.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21: 9.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Our glad Ho - san - nas to Him who redeemed us, From hearts tru - ly  
With glad Ho - san - nas His goodness pro - claiming, We praise and a -

1st. 2d. CHORUS. Echo.  
grate - ful, u - nit - ed we bring; }  
dore Him, our [Omit. . . . .] Saviour and King. Ho - sanna (Ho -

Echo.  
sanna), Hosanna (Hosanna), Ho - san - na in the highest, our joy - ful song.

*The small notes should be sung as an ECHO with concealed voices in an adjoining room, or first by Boys, then Girls.*

- 2 Our glad Hosannas His mercies are telling,  
Who came from His Father salvation to bring;  
With glad Hosannas we give Him the glory,  
And pray that our chorus far distant may ring. *Cho.*
- 3 We shout Hosanna, our voices uplifting,  
While Hope flies away on her bright-crested wing,  
Our song of gladness exultingly bearing  
Where thousands will join us Hosanna to sing. *Cho.*

## 2.

## SOLDIERS OF ZION.

R. L.

*"This is the victory, even our faith"—1 John 5:4.*

R. LOWRY.

1. Soldiers of Zi-on, on we go, Brave are the hearts that face the foe,

CHO.—Sol-diers of Zi-on, on we go, Brave are the hearts that face the foe,

Vic-t'ry awaits us, for we know We fol-low the Lord our King;

Vic-t'ry awaits us, for we know We fol-low the Lord our King.

Not by the might of hu-man arm, Not by the power of earth to harm,

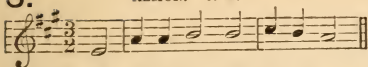
But by the Spir-it's ho-ly charm, Shall we the triumph sing.

2 Hark to the trump that sounds for war,  
 See how the flag goes on before,  
 Look how the ranks swell more and more  
 As Jesus the King leads on:  
 Strong are the hosts of Sin and Death,  
 Stronger the might of Him who saith,  
 "I will consume them with my breath!"  
 Then will the field be won. *Cho.*

3 Sure as the Truth, will dawn the day  
 When giant Wrong will end his sway,  
 Bondage and Error flee away,  
 And earth to the Lord belong;  
 Courage, ye souls who fight and plod,  
 This is the path that worthies trod;  
 Gird up your loins, Elect of God;  
 Soon comes the victor's song. *Cho.*

3.

AZMON. C. M.



- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

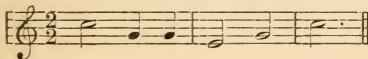
4.

Tune—AZMON. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,  
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

5.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



- 1 Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
To our eternal home.

- 5 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

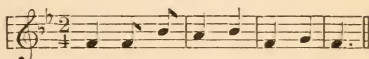
6.

Tune—SILVER STREET. S. M.

- 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 3 God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.
- 4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

7.

WARD. L. M.



- 1 O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,  
We now with all Thy saints agree,  
And bow our inmost souls before  
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,  
And for Thy loving-kindness wait;  
And O how dreadful is this place!  
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;  
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;  
And lo! we see descend from high  
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 4 Still let it on the assembly stay,  
And all the house with glory fill;  
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,  
And lead us to Thy holy hill.
- 5 There let us all with Jesus stand,  
And join the general Church above,  
And take our seats at Thy right hand,  
And sing Thine everlasting love.

## 8.

## WHAT SHALL I DO FOR JESUS?

*"Even a child is known by its doings."*—Prov. 20: 11.

F. THORNTON &amp; F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. What shall I do for Je - sus, Who did so much for me?

What shall I do for Je - sus, That He my love may see? I'll

watch and pray and la - bor, With cheer-ful heart and hand: I'll

try to be al - ways faith - ful, And fol - low His com - mand.

2 What shall I speak for Jesus,  
 Who pleads my cause above?  
 How shall I bear His message  
 Of mercy, truth and love?  
 I'll go among the lowly,  
 The poor, and care-oppressed;  
 I'll tell them the old, old story,  
 That gave my spirit rest.

3 What shall I give to Jesus,  
 Who bore the cross for me?  
 What shall I give to Jesus,  
 Who died to make me free?  
 My life, my soul, my promise  
 For Him alone to live;  
 Though humble and poor the offering,  
 'Tis all I have to give.

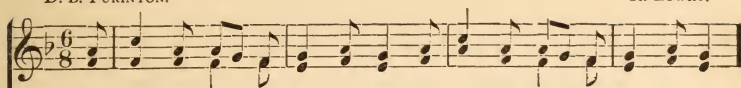
## 9.

## FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

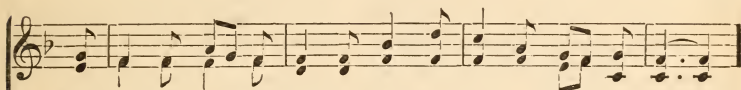
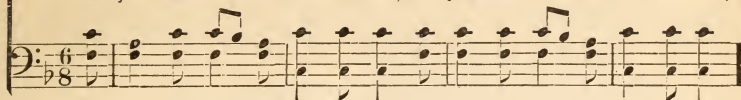
*"So shall we ever be with the Lord."*—1 Thess. 4: 17.

D. B. PURINTON.

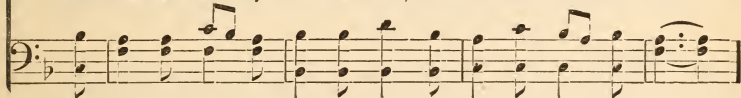
R. LOWRY.



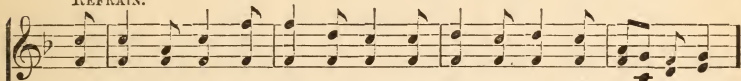
1. Be - yond this vale of sense and sin, Be - yond the clouds that in - ter-vene,



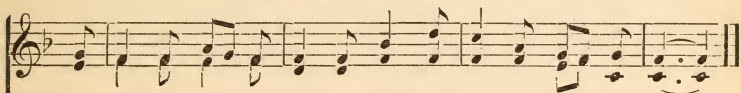
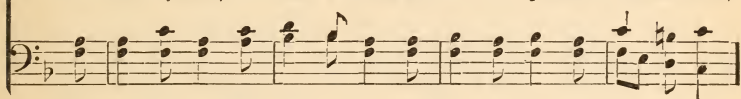
There lies a love - ly land un - seen,—For - ev - er with the Lord.



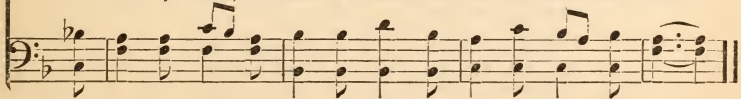
## REFRAIN.



O love - ly land, di - vine a - bode! For - ev - er present with the Lord;



O love - ly land, di - vine a - bode! For - ev - er with the Lord.



2 I love to think, when storms arise,  
When floods of sorrow fill mine eyes,  
I have a home beyond the skies,—  
Forever with the Lord. *Ref.*

3 O blessed hope! I soon shall see  
That home prepared in heaven for me,  
Eternal home, where I shall be  
Forever with the Lord. *Ref.*

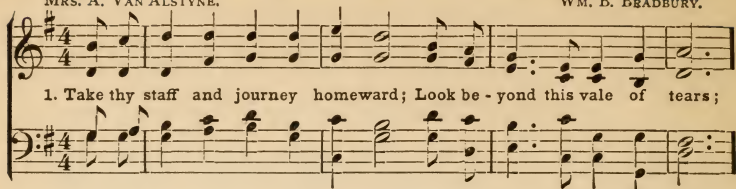
## 10.

## THERE'S A HOME, WEARY PILGRIM.

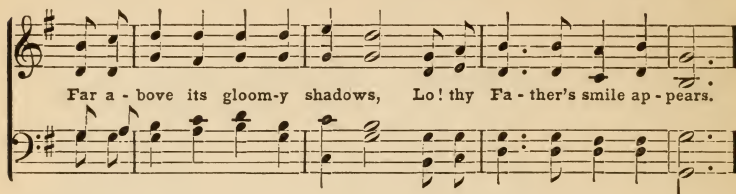
*"He hath prepared for them a city."*—Heb. 11: 16.

MRS. A. VAN ALSTYNE,

WM. B. BRADBURY.

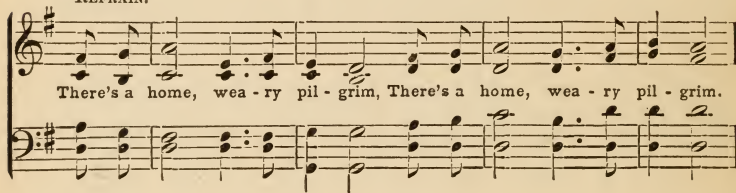


1. Take thy staff and journey homeward; Look be - yond this vale of tears;

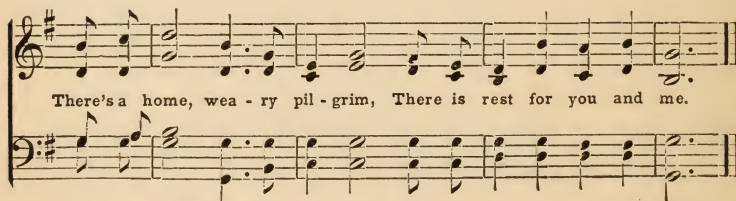


Far a - bove its gloom-y shadows, Lo! thy Fa - ther's smile ap - pears.

## REFRAIN.



There's a home, wea - ry pil - grim, There's a home, wea - ry pil - grim.



There's a home, wea - ry pil - grim, There is rest for you and me.

2 Haste thee on! the day is waning;  
 Watch and work with all thy might,  
 Lest the evening close upon thee  
 Ere thou reach the mountain height. *Ref.*

3 Speed thee on! through toil and danger,  
 God will bring thee on thy way,  
 More and more thy faith increasing,  
 To the light of perfect day. *Ref.*

4 Yonder lie the fields of glory,  
 Just beyond the narrow sea;  
 Pilgrim, haste, thy strength renewing;  
 There thy home, thy rest shall be. *Ref.*

11. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.



- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,  
At Thy feet we humbly bow;  
O do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee, a gracious God and kind:  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

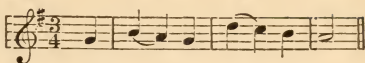
12. Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,  
Be Thy gracious name adored!  
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring  
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,  
Till we come to dwell with Thee,  
Till we all Thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,  
We will wake a nobler strain;  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
Our triumphant voices raise.

13. Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

- 1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,  
Be eternal glory given:  
Grateful for Thy love divine,  
May our hearts be ever Thine.

14. THATCHER. S. M.



- 1 Glad was my heart to hear  
My old companions say,  
"Come, in the house of God appear,  
For 'tis a holy day."
- 2 Thither the tribes repair,  
Where all are wont to meet;  
And, joyful in the house of prayer,  
Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 3 Pray for Jerusalem,  
The city of our God:  
Lord, send Thy blessing down to them  
That love the dear abode.
- 4 Within these walls may peace  
And harmony be found;  
Zion, in all thy palaces,  
Prosperity abound!
- 5 For friends and brethren dear,  
Our prayer shall never cease:  
Oft as they meet for worship here,  
God send His people peace!

15. Tune—THATCHER. S. M.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround His throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 5 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory."—1 Pet. 5: 4.

E. R. LATTA.

R. LOWRY.

1. Je - sus says, If a - ny man My dis - ci - ple here will be,

Let him first de - ny him - self, Take his cross and fol - low me;

Lord, whate'er our hearts should yield, We will put from us a - way;  
D. S. Cho.—While we do the Master's will, Some will jeer and some will frown;

We would Thy dis - ci - ples be, Saviour, own us Thine to - day,  
But in heav'n 'twill all be joy, Here the cross, and there the crown.

2 Jesus bore His heavy cross,  
Till He sank beneath the load;  
And thereon His life He gave,  
All to pay the debt we owed;  
Shall not we ourselves deny,  
And our cross contented bear,  
If we would His followers be,  
And His heavenly glory share? *Cho.*

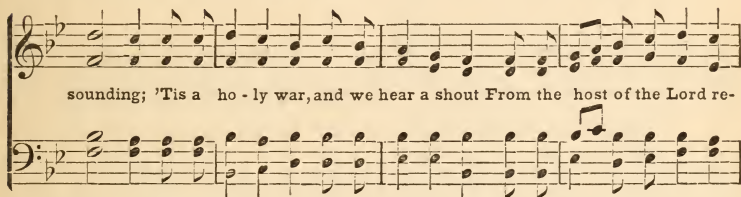
3 Satan fiery darts may cast,  
To affright us from the way,  
But they all shall harmless prove,  
If we ever watch and pray;  
What are all the foes we meet,  
If the Saviour is our friend?  
What are all the ills of earth,  
If at last in heaven they end? *Cho.*

## CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE SONG.

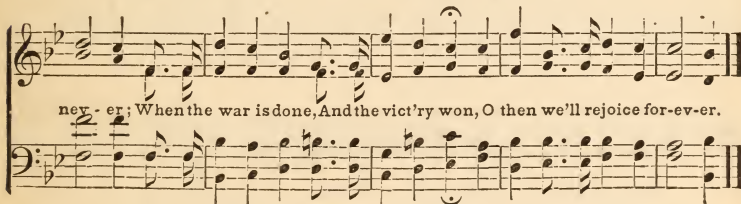
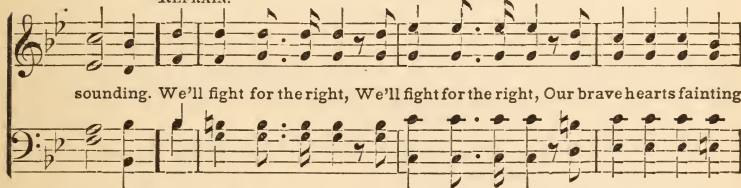
*"The battle is not yours, but God's."*—2 Chron. 20: 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



## REFRAIN.



- 2 Our foes are strong, but the Lord our King,  
The Lord Himself, has gone before us;  
In His own right hand is our strength and might,  
And His banner of love is o'er us. *Ref.*
- 3 The shield of faith we have girded on,  
The sword of the Spirit we are bearing;  
And we take our place in the foremost ranks,  
Every danger with boldness daring. *Ref.*
- 4 March on, march on, for the day is ours;  
O soon we'll tell the joyful story  
At the Saviour's feet, and His praise repeat  
In the realms of eternal glory. *Ref.*

## GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."*—Is. 40: 11.

JANE E. LEESON,

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gracious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee;

Gathered in Thine arms and car-ried In Thy bo-som may we be;

Sweetly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free;

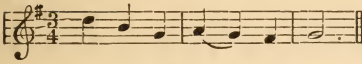
Sweetly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
 From Thy fold to go astray;  
 By Thy look of love directed,  
 May we walk the narrow way:  
 ||: Thus direct us, and protect us,  
 Lest we fall to sin a prey. :||

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises,  
 Which on earth Thy children sing,  
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,  
 May we our thank offering bring;  
 ||: Then, with all the saints in heaven,  
 Join to praise our Lord and King. :||

19.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.



1 Come, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise;  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

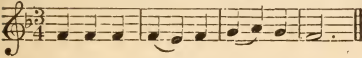
2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour;  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To Thee, great One and Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!

20

HURSLEY. L. M.



1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near:  
O may no earthborn cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

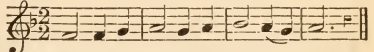
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

21.

HAMBURG. L. M.



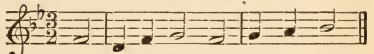
1 My God, how endless is Thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

22.

HEBRON. L. M.



1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far His power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

23.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet."—Matt. 6: 6.

MRS. CLARA M. WILSON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Go thou a-lone to Je - sus, Go from the world apart; Pray with a fervent

spir - it, Pray with an earn-est heart; There with thy wants before Him,

There where no eye can see, Pray'r will unlock the blessing Kept in reserve for

REFRAIN.

thee. Go thou a-lone, Go thou a-lone, Go, trusting to Je - sus.

2 Go thou alone to Jesus,  
Go with a steadfast love;  
Pray with a faith unshaken,  
Fixed as the stars above;  
Pray though the night o'er take thee,  
Pray till its watch is past;  
Pray till the dawn of morning;  
Thou wilt prevail at last. *Ref.*

3 Go thou alone to Jesus,  
Friend to thy soul most near;  
Go to thy Strength in weakness,  
Go to thy Hope in fear:  
Why shouldst thou hide thy sorrow,  
If thou hast ought to bear?  
Go thou alone to Jesus,  
Leave it with Him in prayer. *Ref.*

## 25.

## THEY HAVE REACHED THE SUNNY SHORE.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

G. B.

IRA D. SANKEY, arr.

*Slowly.*

1. They have reach'd the sun - ny shore, O - ver there; They will

nev - - er suf - fer more, O - - ver there; O they

need no lamp by night, For their Sav - iour is their

light, And their day is al - ways bright, O - ver there.

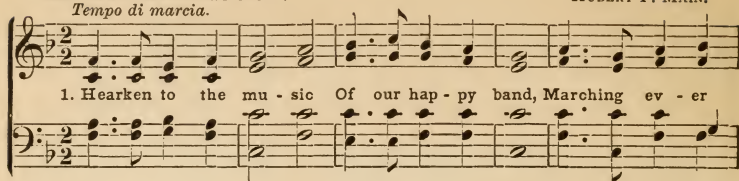
2 O the streets are shining gold,  
Over there;  
And the glory is untold,  
Over there;  
There they feel no chilling blast,  
For the winter time is past,  
And the summers always last,  
Over there.

3 Not a tear shall dim the eye,  
Over there;  
And their hearts shall never sigh,  
Over there;  
Jesus saved them by His might,  
And they walk with Him in white,  
In "that land of pure delight,"  
Over there.

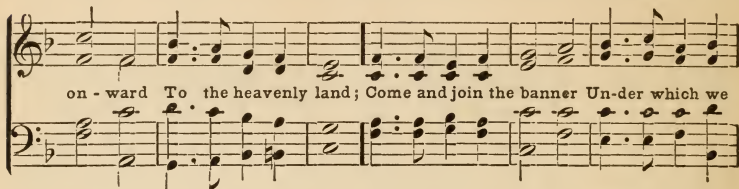
"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—Ps. 20: 5.

MRS. MARY MATTHEWS-SMITH.  
*Tempo di marcia.*

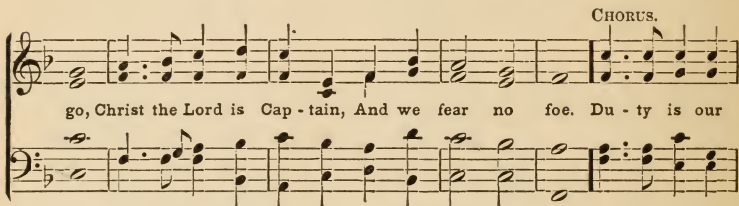
HUBERT P. MAIN.



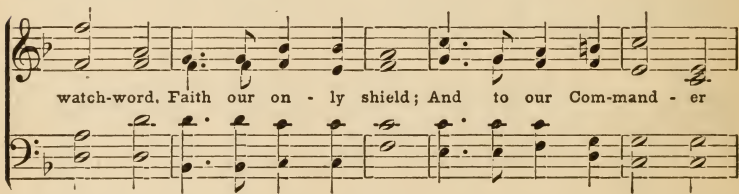
1. Hearken to the mu - sic Of our hap - py band, Marching ev - er



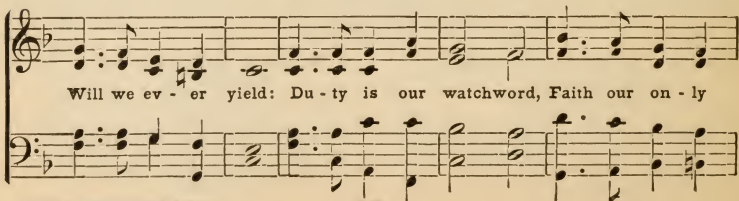
on - ward To the heavenly land; Come and join the banner Un - der which we



CHORUS.  
go, Christ the Lord is Cap - tain, And we fear no foe. Du - ty is our

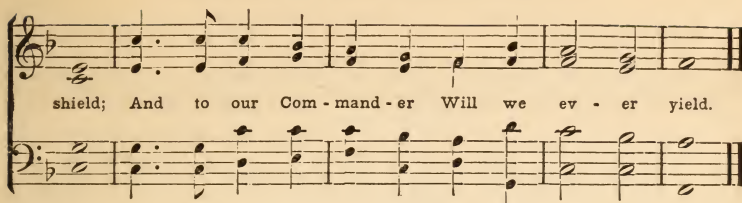


watch - word. Faith our on - ly shield; And to our Com - mand - er



Will we ev - er yield: Du - ty is our watchword, Faith our on - ly

# HEARKEN TO THE MUSIC. Concluded.



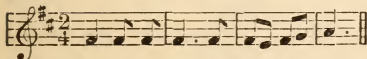
shield; And to our Com-mand-er Will we ev-er yield.

2 Kind He is and gracious  
To His children true,  
And in every danger  
He will lead us through;  
"Love ye one another,"  
His divine command;  
Come and help us keep it  
In our happy band.—*Ref.*

3 When our marching's ended,  
And the night draws near,  
Brightly through the darkness  
Will His face appear;  
Hearken then, O brothers,  
Hear our loving call,  
In our faithful army  
There is room for all.—*Ref.*

## 27.

MALVERN. L. M.



1 Blest hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God;—  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God Himself draws  
nigh.

Well pleased His people's voice to hear;  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given;  
And mortals find His earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest  
Amid the hours of worldly care;  
The hour that yields the spirit rest,  
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,  
And this frail tenement decays,  
Then may I spend in heaven at last  
A never-ending hour of praise.

Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

## 29.

Tune—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints,  
Our humble strains attend,  
While, with our praises and complaints,  
Low at Thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise!  
How should our souls on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,  
Our hearts adore Thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let Thy glory shine,  
And fill Thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,  
"Come, great Redeemer, come,  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls Thy children home."

## 28.

Tune—MALVERN. L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;

## 30.

## CHILD OF A KING,

*"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king."—Ps. 149: 2.*

HATTIE E. BUELL, arr.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the

world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His

CHORUS.  
cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told. I'm the child of a King, The

child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,  
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;  
But now He is reigning forever on high,  
And will give me a home with Himself by-and-by. *Cho.*

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,  
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth;  
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,  
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown. *Cho.*

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there;  
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King. *Cho.*

*"Be not faithless, but believing."*—John 20 : 27.

THOMAS MCKELLAR.

R. LOWRY.

1. At the door of mer - cy sigh-ing, With the bur - den of my sin,

Day and night my soul is cry - ing, O - pen, Lord, and let me in;

Wait-ing 'mid the darkness drear-y, Stretching out my hands to Thee,

In the ref - uge for the wea - ry Is there not a place for me?

2 Hark! what sounds my ear receiveth,  
 Sweet as songs of seraphim!  
 He that in the Lord believeth,  
 Life eternal hath in Him;  
 At the outer door why standing?  
 Nothing, soul, hast thou to pay;  
 Christ in love to thee is saying,  
 "Weary child, come in to-day."

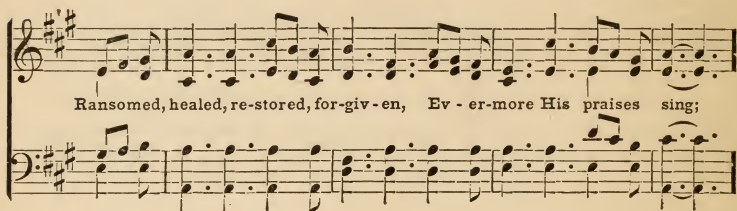
*"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.*

REV. H. F. LYTE.

H. W. LANNING.



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;



Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His praises sing;



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!



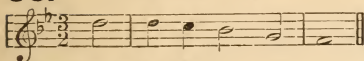
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

3 Angels in the height, adore Him,  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gathered in from every race;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

33.

STATE STREET. S. M.



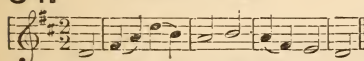
- 1 Jesus, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.

- 3 Present we know Thou art,  
But O Thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel.

- 4 O may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love.

34.

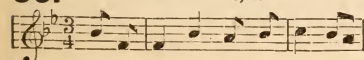
WARWICK. C. M.



- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,  
Let warmest thanks arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,  
Our keeper and our guide;  
His care was on our weakness shown,  
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require:  
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

35.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.



- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,

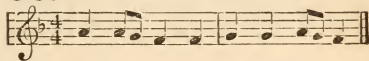
Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'take  
And our couch become our tomb, [us,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

36.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.



- 1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, Thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear:  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till Thy glory  
Without cloud in heaven we see.

- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
All Thy people shall adore;  
Sharing then in rapture greater  
Than they could conceive before:  
Full enjoyment,  
Full and pure, for evermore.

37.

Tune—GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
O refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## COME, THOU HEAVENLY DOVE.

*"I will put my Spirit within you."*—Ezek 3: 14.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, O come, Thou Heavenly Dove, Our hope, our strength di-vine;

Here let Thy sa-cred presence rest, And here Thy glo-ry shine.

## REFRAIN.

Come, O come, Thou Heavenly Dove, Come, our ev-ery doubt re-move;

O tune our hearts, in-spire our songs, And melt our souls in love.

- 2 Come, O come, Thou Heavenly Dove,  
In mighty power descend,  
While here before a throne of grace  
Our waiting souls we bend. *Ref.*
- 3 Saviour, in Thy name we meet,  
We cast on Thee our care;

We supplicate Thy promised grace;  
O hear and answer prayer. *Ref.*

- 4 Lord, in closer bonds unite  
Our waiting souls to Thee;  
O, may this consecrated hour  
Long, long remembered be. *Ref.*

*"There remaineth therefore a rest."*—Heb. 4 : 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I am toiling on a restless ocean, Where the surges darkly roll, But I

hear a gen-tle voice that tells me There's a haven for the wea-ry soul.

The skies..... are growing brighter,  
The skies, yes, the skies are growing brighter, And the shadows break away ; O I'm

CHO. The skies..... are growing brighter,

looking to the land of promise, I am wait-ing for the dawn of day.

2 I am toiling on a restless ocean,  
Yet my heart shall feel no ill,  
For my Father's loving eye bends o'er me,  
He will tenderly protect me still. *Cho.*

3 I have anchored on the Rock of Ages,  
On the Rock no storm can move;

I am resting in the arms of mercy.  
I am hiding in a Saviour's love. *Cho.*

4 O I'm looking to the land of promise,  
For my heart and hope are there;  
With my Saviour I shall dwell forever,  
And the brightness of His glory share.

## 40.

## GOD WILL NOT LEAVE HIS OWN.

*"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. 13: 5.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. Our Saviour's voice, how oft it comes When most we need His aid, And

whis-pers in the Christian's ear, "'Tis I, be not a-fraid;" He

nev-er leaves His chos-en ones To brave the world a-lone; His word re-calls

the promise sweet—God will not leave His own, God will not leave His own.

2 If, through the grace of saving faith,  
Our souls are justified,—  
If, as the branches in the vine,  
We still in Christ abide,—  
He keeps us safely in the path  
With briars overgrown;  
His promise, like His throne, is sure—  
||: God will not leave His own, :||

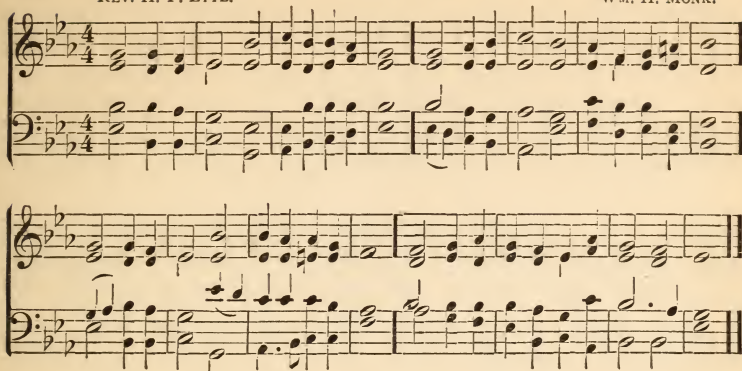
3 We wrong Him when we doubt His love,  
Or give to fear a place;  
How many times our hearts have proved  
The comfort of His grace;  
When trials come they only serve  
To make His goodness known;  
And, best of all, this truth we learn—  
||: God will not leave His own. :||

41.

EVENTIDE. 11.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.



1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

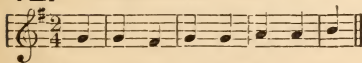
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Though cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

42.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.



1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill which I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

*"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."*—John 6: 63.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, pure, ce - les - tial Dove, On us de - scending

Melt our hearts in love, Till ev - ery feel - ing, ev - ery thought, shall

rise, By faith di - rect - ed up - ward to the skies.

2 O Holy Spirit, to our memory bring  
 All that was spoken by our Lord and King;  
 His words so tender, breathe them in our ear,  
 And gently warn us of temptation near.

3 O Holy Spirit, lead where'er we go,  
 Our Saviour's glory clearer, brighter, show;  
 Thou great Instructor, when our songs we raise,  
 Inspire devotion, fill our souls with praise.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

THATCHER. S. M.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
 Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of His grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His power subdues our sins;  
 And His forgiving love,  
 Far as the east is from the west,  
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
 To those that fear His name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel;  
 He knows our feeble frame.

*"The star, which they saw in the east, went before them."—Matt. 2: 9.*

MRS. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

R. LOWRY.

1. There is a star il - lumes my night, And cheers my dark-est day,

Keeps hope a - wake with - in my breast, And lights my lone - ly way.

REFRAIN.

O the star, beau - ti - ful star, Star of the glowing light!

It rains its beau - ty from heights a - far, And brings the Christ to sight.

2 Without it faith itself would fail,  
And love grow cold and chill;  
It shines, and faith and hope and love  
My heart and being thrill.

3 Within its light I seek the King,  
As did the men of old,

Till underneath its guiding ray  
My eyes the Christ behold.

4 O blessed star that leads to Him!  
O holy, sacred light!

My soul looks up with reverent awe,  
And hails thee, star of night.

## ON TO THE CONFLICT.

*"Quit you like men."*—1 Cor. 16: 13.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. On to the con - flict, bat - tle for the right, Stand like a he - ro

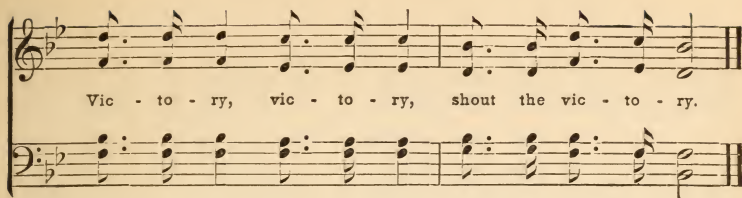
in the no - ble fight; Lift up the fall - en, set the cap - tive free;

CHORUS.  
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, on to vic - to - ry. Bold - ly, gal - lant - ly,

on to the fight; Hopeful - ly, prayerful - ly, bat - tle for the right;

All hearts in un - ion, lift the bat - tle cry,

# ON TO THE CONFLICT. Concluded.



Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, shout the vic - to - ry.

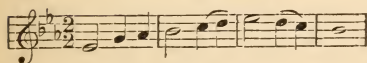
2 On to the conflict, rally for the fray,  
Fear not the foemen, Truth shall gain the day;  
Up with the banner of the pure and free;  
Victory, victory, on to victory. *Cho.*

3 On to the conflict: ruin, want and woe  
Fetter the victims of the heartless foe;  
God of the tempted, hear their bitter cry;  
Victory, victory, give the victory. *Cho.*

4 On to the conflict, fair Columbia's land  
Rescue forever from the tyrant's hand;  
Let all the people join the welcome song,  
Victory, victory, Right has conquered Wrong. *Cho.*

47.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee:  
Thy saints adore Thy holy name;  
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,  
And humbly now Thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,  
To Thee we look, on Thee we call;  
Lord, we are nothing in Thy sight.  
But Thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may Thy children in Thy word  
Their common trust and refuge see;  
O bind us to each other, Lord,  
By one great bond,—the love of Thee.

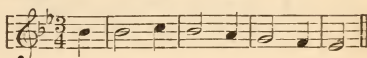
4 Here, at the portal of Thy house,  
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;  
Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,  
And dry our penitential tears.

5 So shall our sun of hope arise  
With brighter still and brighter ray,

Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes  
With beams of everlasting day.

48.

LUTON. L. M.



1 Jesus, Thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept Thy well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee—  
Like the blest hour, when from above  
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay!  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold.  
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,  
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

LEAH CARLTON.

REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. "Who-so - ev - er," word of promise, Thus our heavenly Fa - ther calls;

Spoken by the voice of mer - cy, On the ear how sweet it falls.

CHORUS.

Who-so - ev - er, God proclaims it, Who-so - ev - er will be - lieve

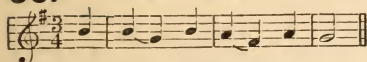
On the name of Christ the Saviour, Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive.

2 Whosoever will may freely  
Quench his thirst from living streams,  
Where the smile of God the Father,  
Through the Son, forever beams. *Cho.*

3 Whosoever will may enter  
Through the gates of glory bright,  
And forever walk with Jesus,  
Crowned with joy and robed in white. *Cho.*

50.

DENNIS. S. M.



- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind His precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

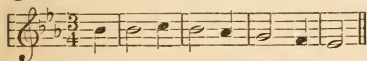
51.

Tune—DENNIS. S. M.

- 1 Thou very-present Aid  
In suffering and distress,  
The mind which still on Thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined  
On the Redeemer's breast,  
'Mid raging storms, exults to find  
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er Thy face appears;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;  
It sweetly comforts me;  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in Thee.

52.

LUTON. L. M.

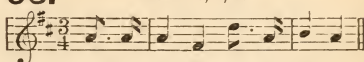


- 1 'Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise:  
But O what tongue can speak His fame?  
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;  
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of His name.

- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;  
And let His praise employ thy tongue,  
Till listening worlds shall join the song

53.

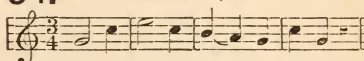
ZION. 8, 7, 4.



- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

54.

RATHBUN. 8, 7.



- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea:  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

55.

DOXOLOGY. Tune—RATHBUN. 8, 7.

55. Praise the God of our salvation;  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;  
Praise the Spirit from above.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126 : 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

I. Joy! joy! mer - cy has pardoned me; Joy! joy! mourn-ing is past;

Great things Je - sus has done for me, Peace I've found at last.

REFRAIN.

Joy! joy! now I can sing; Praise, praise sweet-ly shall ring;

Je - sus my Saviour has cleansed me from sin, And joy fills my heart.

2 Faith clings, clings to the crucified;  
There, there happy I rest;  
Safe, safe under His mighty wings,  
How my soul is blest. *Ref.*

3 Come, come, thou who art comfortless;  
Fly, fly home to the fold;

Haste, haste, Jesus is seeking thee  
On the mountain cold. *Ref.*

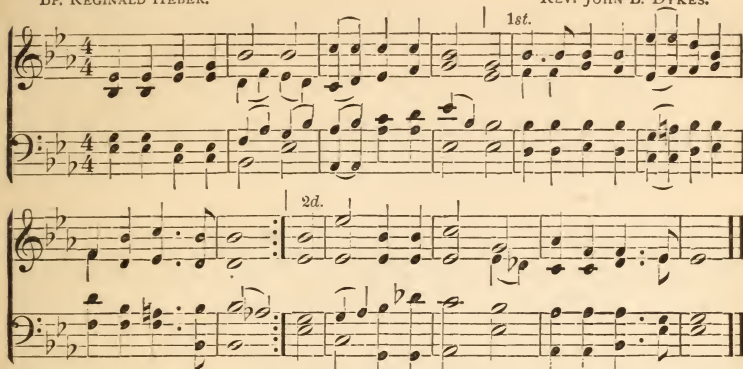
4 Great things Jesus has done for me,  
Great things thou canst receive;  
O come, Jesus will pardon thee,  
Now on Him believe. *Ref.*

57.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! 11, 12, 10.

BP. REGINALD HEBER.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall  
rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns a-  
round the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-  
fore Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore  
shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness  
hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glo-  
ry may not see;

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside  
Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

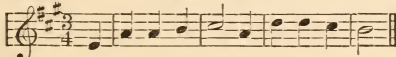
4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name,  
in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

58.

LYONS. 10, 11.



1 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim;  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of His grace shall comfort us through:  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

*"Daily at the gate of the temple."—Acts 3: 2.*

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

OREN R. BARROWS.

1. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, The Lord my King ad - dress-ing,

Till He draw near my suit to hear, And grant His roy-al bless - ing.

## CHORUS.

Gold - en gate, gold - en gate, The gold - en gate of prayer;

Gold - en, gold - en gate,

Watch and wait, Watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.

Watch, O watch and wait,

2 For the King I seek is kind and meek,  
Though He is high and holy;  
He knows us well, and loves to dwell  
With humble hearts and lowly. *Cho.*

3 At the golden gate of prayer I wait,  
In God's own way appointed,  
Till He in grace unveil His face  
In Christ, His own Anointed. *Cho.*

"—went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. When at morn we wake from sleep, Go a - lone with Je - sus;

Ask of Him our hearts to keep, Go a - lone with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Go to Him with-out de - lay, On - ly He can guide our way;

Don't for - get to watch and pray, Go a - lone with Je - sus.

2 When we feel our souls are weak,  
Go alone with Jesus;  
He will give the strength we seek,  
Go alone with Jesus. *Ref.*

3 In the little griefs we bear,  
Go alone with Jesus;

He will lighten every care,  
Go alone with Jesus. *Ref.*

4 Go to Him whate'er we need,  
Go alone with Jesus;  
Trust in Him, His promise plead,  
Go alone with Jesus. *Ref.*

*"Without me ye can do nothing."*—John 15: 5.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

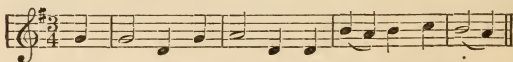
R. LOWRY.

1. Something from Thee, Lord,  
 Something to-day; Men round me are dying,  
 Their needs few sup-  
 plying, And time swift is flying; If it's ever so little, Lord, Something to-day.

2 Something from Thee, Lord,  
 Something to-day;  
 Some word softly spoken,  
 To heal some heart broken,  
 Love's own tender token;  
 If it's ever so little, Lord,  
 Something to-day.

3 Something from Thee, Lord,  
 Something to-day,  
 That brings Thine own sweetness,  
 And heaven's own meetness,  
 With mercy's own fleetness;  
 If it's ever so little, Lord,  
 Something to-day.

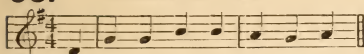
Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main



- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
 I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;  
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
 Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;  
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;  
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;  
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;  
 I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,  
 Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

63.

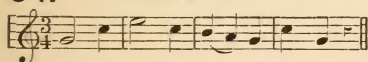
CORONATION. C. M.



- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this earthly ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall.  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

64.

RATHBUN. 8, 7.



- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

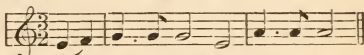
65.

Tune—RATHBUN. 8, 7.

- 1 Hail, thou once despis'd Jesus!  
Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame;  
By Thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.
- 4 There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
There Thou dost our place prepare  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 5 Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.
- 6 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits:  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

66.

HEBER. C. M.



- 1 The head that once was crowned with  
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns,  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is to our Jesus given;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns o'er earth and heaven:
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their everlasting joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

67.

DOXOLOGY. Tune—HEBER. C. M.

- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore!

*"Let my prayer come before thee."—Ps. 88: 2.*

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tossed by the tempest, with sorrows oppressed, Long have I sought for some

ha - ven of rest; Hopeless and cheer-less, so far from the goal,

REFRAIN:

No one to pit - y or care for my soul. While thou art pray - ing,

tender - ly pray - ing, Pleading for oth - ers remembered by thee, While thou art

pray - ing, tender - ly pray - ing, O then re - member and pray thou for me.

## PRAY THOU FOR ME. Concluded.

2 Bound in the chains that have held me so long,  
How shall I break from the thralldom of wrong?  
Longing from sin and its vileness to flee,  
Who will remember and pray now for me? *Ref.*

3 Lost in the mazes of doubt and despair,  
Haunting me still is a dear mother's prayer;  
Fain would I fly to the sheltering fold,  
Roaming no longer 'mid hunger and cold. *Ref.*

## 69.

### JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

D. B. P.

D. B. PRINTON.

1. Je - sus loved the children, Loved them so, loved them so, That He died to

#### CHORUS.

save them From a world of woe. I am but a lit - tle child, This I know,

this I know; But I love the Saviour, Be - cause He loves me so.

2 Jesus bids the children  
Come to Him, come to Him;  
Even they may find Him  
Precious to redeem. *Cho.*

3 Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Now I pray, humbly pray,  
Ever love and keep me;  
Take my sins away. *Cho.*

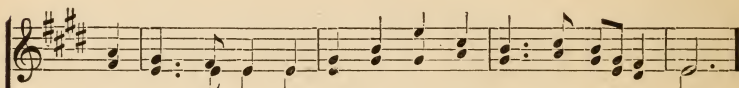
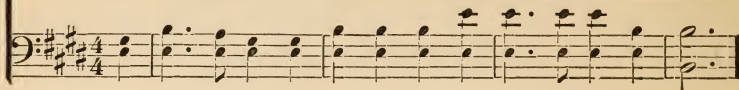
*"Behold the Lamb of God."*—John 1: 29.

SADIE E. OWEN.

H. W. LANNING.



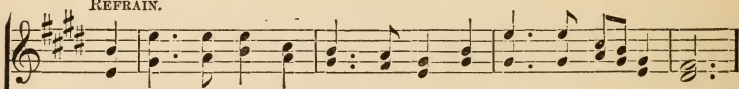
1. Thy Sav - iour see; He died for thee, That thou thro' Him mightst live;



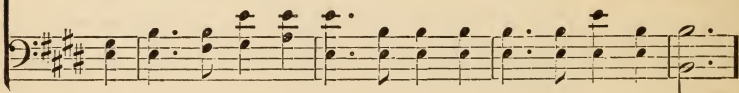
Him - self He gave thy soul to save; Thy-self to Je - sus give.



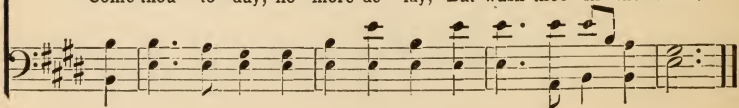
## REFRAIN.



His word be - lieve, O now receive Sal - va - tion thro' His blood;



Come thou to - day, no more de - lay, But wash thee in the flood.

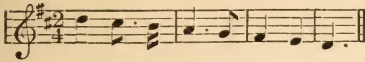


2 O seek His face, behold His grace,  
And rest upon His word;  
Leave all thy sin; come, enter in,  
And trust the blessed Lord. *Ref.*

3 And when at last thy toil is past,  
And Jesus calls thee home,  
How precious then the glad time when  
He called thee, "Sinner, come." *Ref.*

71.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

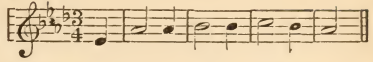
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

73.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

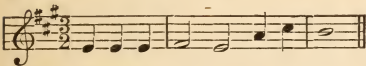
2 No mortal can with Him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

72.

WARE. L. M.



1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

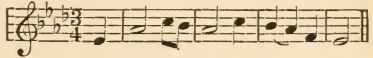
3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, e'en me, to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

74.

COMMUNION. C. M.



1 With glorious clouds encompassed  
Whom angels dimly see, [round,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?

2 Will He forsake His throne above,  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer, Thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design;  
What meant, Thou suffering Son of man,  
Thy streaming blood divine?

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I might now perceive Thee near,  
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in His own light,  
Whom angels dimly see;  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity?

"—making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5: 19.

MRS. ANNA M. MILLER.

R. LOWRY.

1. Sing, O sing of the Bright For - ev - er, When the

way is dark and drear, When the bil - - lows rise a -

REFRAIN.

bove thee, And thy heart has cause to fear. Yes, I'll sing, Yes, I'll

Yes, I'll sing,

sing.... Of the heaven prepared a - bove, Of the

Yes, I'll sing

Bright, the Bright For-ev - er, Of the Sav - iour's wondrous love.

# SING OF THE BRIGHT FOREVER. Concluded.

2 Sing, O sing of the Bright Forever,  
When the world shall on thee frown;  
Jesus loves thee, and will never  
Leave His child to walk alone. *Ref.*

There no kindred tie is broken;  
Every tear is wiped away. *Ref.*

3 Sing, O sing of the Bright Forever;  
There no cloud obscures the day;

4 Sing, O sing of the Bright Forever,  
When on Jordan's brink I stand;  
Gather o'er my soul, and waft me,  
Breath of song, to Canaan's land. *Ref.*

## 76.

## SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

"There I will meet with thee and commune."—Exod. 25: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. Here from the world we turn, Je-sus to seek; Here may His lov-ing voice

Ten-der-ly speak; Je-sus, our dear-est friend, While at Thy

feet we bend, O let Thy smile descend, 'Tis Thee we seek.

2 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Presence divine,  
Now in our longing hearts  
Graciously shine;  
O for Thy mighty power,  
O for a blessed shower,  
Filling this hallowed hour  
With joy divine.

3 Saviour, Thy work revive,  
Here may we see  
Those who are dead in sin  
Quickened by Thee;  
Come to our hearts to-night,  
Make every burden light.  
Cheer Thou our waiting sight;  
We long for Thee.

"*These little ones.*"—Matt. 10: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. P. DANKS.

1. O what a message our ears have heard— Let the lit - tle ones come;

Je-sus has said in His ho - ly word, Let the lit - tle ones come.

CHORUS.

Saviour, dear Saviour, we want to be Thine, Aid us just now by Thy Spirit divine;

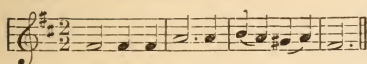
The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, with some moving lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the music.

Grant in Thy kingdom like stars we may shine; Help us, dear Saviour, to come.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Still the glad message we hear to-day—<br>Let the little ones come;<br>O it was kind in the Saviour to say,<br>Let the little ones come. <i>Cho.</i> | Loving and sweet is the tender call—<br>Let the little ones come. <i>Cho.</i>  |
| 3 Gentle His voice, and it speaks to all—<br>Let the little ones come;   | 4 Come to the fold and the Shepherd's<br>Let the little ones come; [care,<br>They shall be guarded in safety there;<br>Let the little ones come. <i>Cho.</i> |

78.

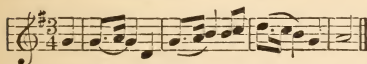
EUCCHARIST. L. M.



- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

79.

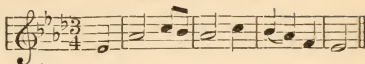
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

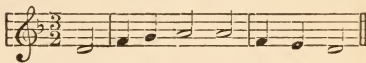


- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out strong cries and tears,  
And in His measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In every trying hour.

80.

COMMUNION. C. M.

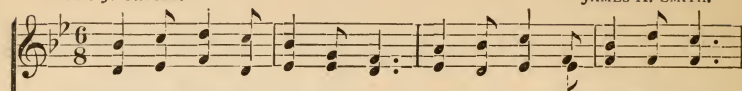


- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
  - 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
  - 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.
  - 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
  - 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.
- 81.
- WINDHAM. L. M.
- 
- 1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
  - 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For Him who groan'd beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,—  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
  - 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
  - 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
In vain the tomb forbids His rise;  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

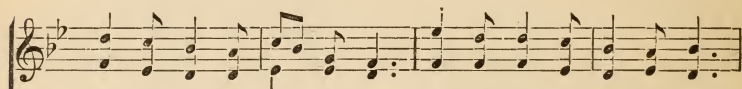
*"Hide me under the shadow of thy wing."*—Ps. 17: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

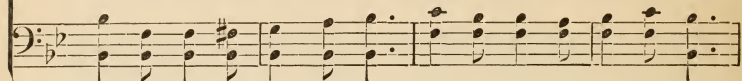
JAMES A. SMITH.



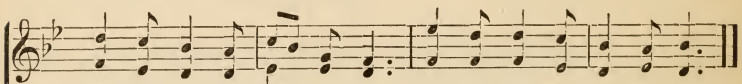
1. Sav-iour, let me still a-bide In the shad-ow of Thy wings,



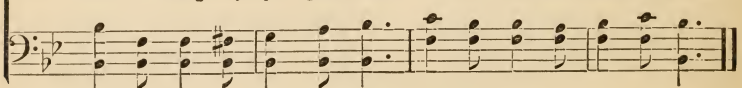
Let me all my sor-row hide In the joy Thy mer-cy brings;



Draw me, keep me day by day, Near-er, near-er, Lord, to Thee;



All a-long my pil-grim way, O my Sav-iour, lead Thou me.



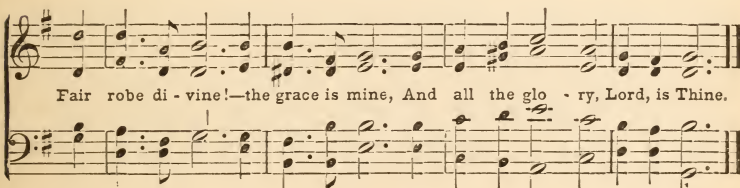
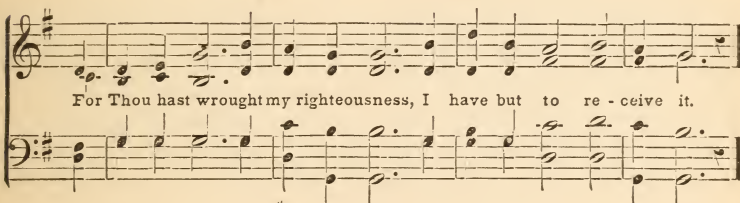
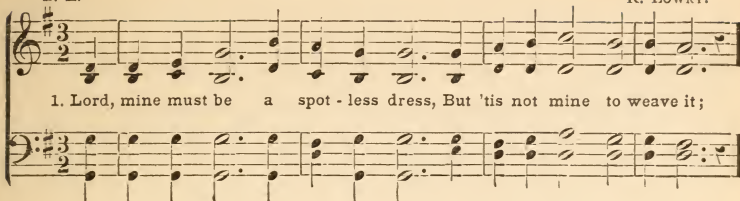
2 To the cross my soul was brought,  
 To the cross, with all its grief;  
 There a healing balm I sought,  
 There I found a sweet relief;  
 Yet for deeper love I pray,  
 Love that clings alone to Thee;  
 All along my pilgrim way,  
 O my Saviour, lead Thou me.

3 Let me trust Thee more and more,  
 Let my will and Thine be one,  
 Till my warfare here is o'er,  
 Till the victory I have won;  
 In the light whose blessed ray  
 Shining down, by faith I see;  
 All along my pilgrim way,  
 O my Saviour, lead Thou me.

*"Christ is all, and in all."*—Col. 3: 11.

B. E.

R. LOWRY.

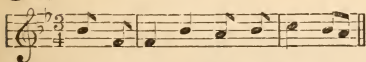


2 It is not mine to toil for peace,  
Thy cross, O Christ, doth make it!  
I only need from toil to cease,  
And gladly, simply, take it.  
Sweet peace divine!—the grace is mine,  
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

3 It is not mine to purchase life,  
I take because Thou givest;  
Wielding Thy power 'mid sin and strife,  
I live because Thou livest.  
Glad life divine!—the grace is mine,  
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.



1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness;  
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;  
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

2 From the height which knows no meas-  
As a gracious shower descend, [ure,

Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,  
Come with unction and with power;  
Make our hearts Thy habitation:  
On our souls Thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!  
Rest upon this congregation,  
With the fullness of Thy grace.

*"The feast of harvest."*—Ex. 23: 15.

Fr. MATHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782.

MARO L. BARTLETT.

1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed in the land,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's Almight - y hand;

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft re - freshing rain.

## CHORUS.

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;

# WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS. Concluded.

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread. *Cho.*

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,—  
The seed time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food:  
No gifts have we to offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts. *Cho.*

86.

## PRAYER FOR BLESSING.

OPENING OF SUNDAY SCHOOL.

*"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."*—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Divine Re - deemer, come, we pray, And bless our Sabbath home to-day;

This hour we con - secrate to Thee, May every soul Thy tem - ple be.

2 Thy grace, Thy wisdom, richly shed  
On him presiding at our head;  
Our teachers bless, their toil reward,  
By our obedience to Thy word.

3 Once more Thy presence, Lord, we ask,  
To aid us in our cheerful task;  
Tune Thou our songs, like those above,  
And make this hour a feast of love.

## O WHAT SHALL WE GAIN?

*"What shall it profit a man?"—Mark 8: 36.*

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O what shall we gain if the cross we take, And de - ny ourselves for the

Master's sake? O what shall we gain if our all we give, To be

CHORUS.  
His a - lone, and for Him to live? A bright re - ward in the

world to come, A crown of life and a glo - rious home; A wel - come

smile from our dear - est Friend, A feast of love that shall nev - er end.

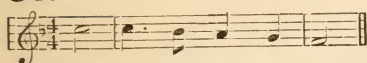
## O WHAT SHALL WE GAIN? Concluded.

2 And what shall we lose if we fail to hear  
And obey the voice that has come so near?  
And what shall we lose if we only care  
For ourselves to live and no cross to bear? *Cho.*

3 O come, let us haste where our hope-star leads,  
While the Saviour waits, and the Spirit pleads;  
O come, let us haste, for the time flies fast;  
We must gain, not lose, when our day is past. *Cho.*

88.

ZEBULON. H. M.



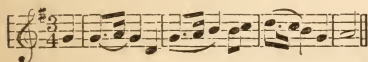
1 O Thou that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let Thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:  
We plead the promise of Thy word;  
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry;  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their children's wants supply;  
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;  
We, children of Thy grace;  
O let Thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place;  
That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise Thy name.

89.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
Let us Thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.

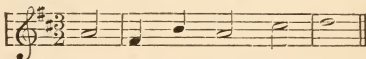
2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke;  
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;  
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
On our disordered spirits move,  
And let there now be light.

4 God, thro' Himself, we then shall know,  
If Thou within us shine;  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

90.

DOVER. S. M.



1 Thy word, Almighty Lord,  
Where'er it enters in,  
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,  
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;  
It bids confusion cease,  
And changes envy, hatred, strife,  
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey  
The gospel's glorious sound;  
And all its fruits, from day to day,  
Be in us and abound.

91.

Tune—DOVER. S. M.

1 How helpless nature lies,  
Unconscious of her load!  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine  
To form the heart anew;

3 The passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

MRS. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

R. LOWRY

1. If shad-ows o - ver - cast my morn, And clouds its sun-light hide,

I on - ly ask Thee, Lord, to send Thy light at e - ven - tide.

CHORUS.

Thy light at e - ven - tide to me, O grant in mer - cy, Lord, I pray,

And let it lead me till I see The light of end - less day.

2 Tho' storms still hide my sun at noon,  
And darkness yet abide,  
My soul submissive only pleads  
For light at eventide. *Cho.*

3 And while I plead, I know, O Christ,  
If I am near Thy side,  
Life's storm will end in peace at last,  
And light at eventide. *Cho.*

*"He shall save the children of the needy."*—Ps. 72: 4.

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. Bring in the children, one and all, Bid them no long-er roam;

Ten-der the message, welcome the call In - to the Sabbath Home.

## REFRAIN.

Bring in the children, one and all, Where'er they wander, where'er they roam;

Ten-der the message, welcome the call In - to the Sabbath Home.

2 Bring in the wanderers, young and old,  
 Urge them to come to-day;  
 Jesus will welcome into the fold  
 All that the call obey. *Ref.*

3 In from the sorrow and the gloom,  
 In from the guilt and sin,  
 In from the danger, urge them to come,  
 Gather the children in. *Ref.*

*"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, poor sinner, to the blessed, blessed feast, O hear the call— thy

Saviour's call; Haste to meet Him, He will welcome thee His guest,  
D. S.—Come to Je - sus, He is waiting, waiting now;

*FINE. REFRAIN.*  
O re-joice, there's room for all. Who - so - ev - er will in that  
Come, O come, there's room for all.

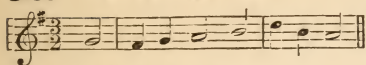
*D. S.*  
feast may share, In our Fa - ther's house there is bread to spare;

2 Art thou weary, would'st thou lay thy weight aside?  
Then rest thee here, the cross is near;  
See where Jesus thy Redeemer bled and died,  
Come and taste His mercy here. *Ref.*

3 Come to Jesus, and thy burden He will bear,  
The feast is spread, lift up thy head;  
Come, and rest thee in the Saviour's gentle care,  
By His love thou shalt be fed. *Ref.*

95.

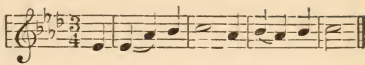
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,  
I could forever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;  
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood;  
He closed His eyes to show us God:  
Let all the world fall down and know  
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

97.

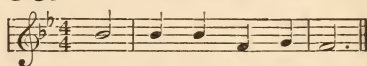
LOUVAN. L. M.



- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has  
made;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near:  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear  
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;  
And in that sacrificial flood,  
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

98.

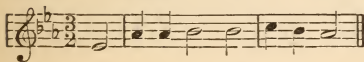
LENEX. H. M.



- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad,  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

96.

AZMON. C. M.



- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring!
- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath:  
So shall the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## I AM HAPPY IN THE LORD.

*"By grace ye are saved."*—Eph. 2: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. I am happy in the Lord, For I now can trust His word—I am

saved, I am saved by His grace; O my faith is on the wing While His

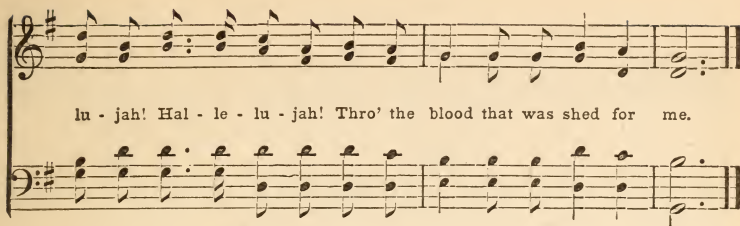
love to me I sing, And I dwell in the light of His face.

## REFRAIN.

I am saved, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! This my

I am saved, song in the glo - ry land shall be; I am saved, Hal - le -

# I AM HAPPY IN THE LORD. Concluded.

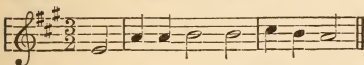


2 I am happy all the day  
As I tread the narrow way—  
I am saved, I am saved by His grace;  
Though I walk by faith alone,  
Yet I know I'm near the throne,  
For a light from His smile I can trace.  
*Ref.*

3 I am happy in the Lord,  
For my soul He hath restored—  
I am saved, I am saved by His grace;  
And I will not doubt His love,  
Since to yonder world above  
He has gone to prepare me a place.  
*Ref.*

## 100.

AZMON. C. M.



- 1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;  
Thou dost with sinners bear;  
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,  
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,  
To every soul, abound;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,  
A rock that cannot move:  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure;

And while the truth of God remains,  
His goodness must endure.

## 101.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.



- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

"Jesus only."—Mark. 9: 8.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O my rest-less, long-ing soul, Who thy wanderings will con-trol?

Who will cleanse and make thee whole? Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.

## CHORUS.

Where for ref-uge can I fly? Who will hear my plaintive cry?

Who my wants will sat-is-fy? Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus.

2 Earthly hopes, tho' bright they seem,  
Flash with but a meteor beam;  
Vanish like a fleeting dream;  
There's no hope but Jesus. *Cho.*

3 Friends that smile when skies are clear,  
Friends whose genial tones I hear,

May desert when clouds appear;  
There's no friend like Jesus. *Cho.*

4 Cease repining, heart, be still,  
Meekly learn thy Saviour's will;  
He thy aching void will fill;  
Leave it all with Jesus. *Cho.*

*"The Lord is risen indeed."*—Luke 24: 34.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MARO L. BARTLETT.

1. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sons of men and an-gels say; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - ply; Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;

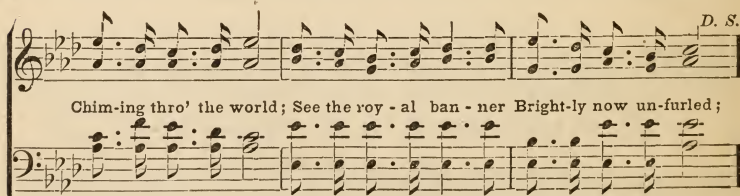
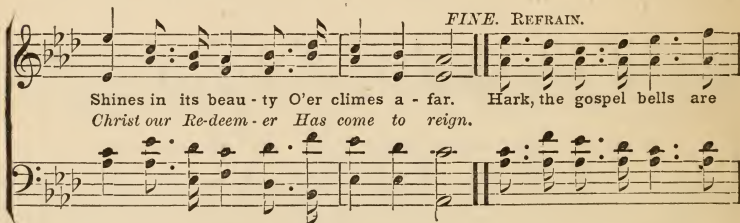
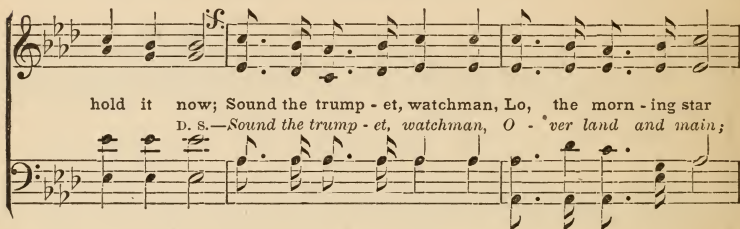
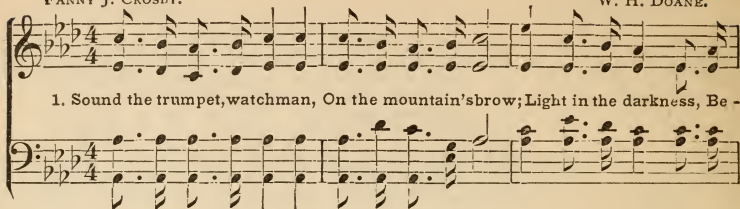
Death in vain forbids His rise,  
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

*"Blow ye the trumpet in the land."—Jer. 4: 5.*

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.



2 Sound the trumpet, watchman,  
Hail the jubilee;  
Millions are coming,  
From bondage free—  
Flocking round the standard  
Waving in the sky,  
Shouting Hosannas  
To God on High. *Ref.*

3 Sound the trumpet, watchman,  
Cry aloud the call;  
Room in the Kingdom,  
There's room for all;  
Sound the trumpet, watchman,  
Wake the joyful strain;  
Christ our Redeemer  
Has come to reign. *Ref.*

## 105.

## WORTHY THY GOSPEL, LORD.

*"That ye might walk worthy of the Lord."*—Col. 1: 10.

MRS. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Wor- thy Thy gos - pel, Lord, This is my prayer; Worthy its  
 thought of me, Its ten - der care; Worthy its du - ties high,  
 Wait - ing each day, Worthy its light di - vine, Pointing the way.

2 Worthy the peace it brings  
 When tempests lower;  
 Worthy the Home prepared,  
 Won by its power;  
 Worthy its matchless love,  
 Casting out fears;  
 Worthy its sorrows too,  
 Worthy its tears.

3 Lord, do I ask too much?  
 Greater remains,  
 Thinking of Calvary's  
 Agonized pains!  
 Worthy of this, O Christ,  
 I cannot be,  
 Save as Thy boundless love  
 Pleadeth for me.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 106.

HORTON. 7.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my path your choice;  
 I will guide you to your home;  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,

Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

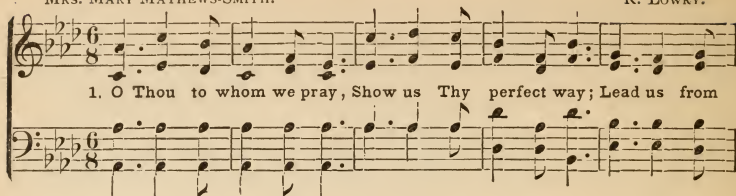
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In remore for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound,  
 Peace that ever shall endure,  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

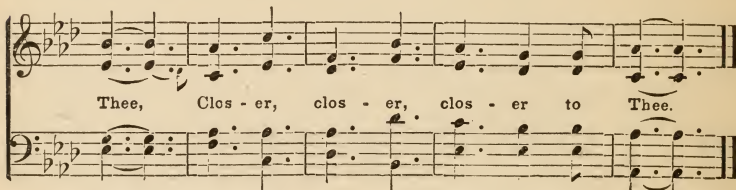
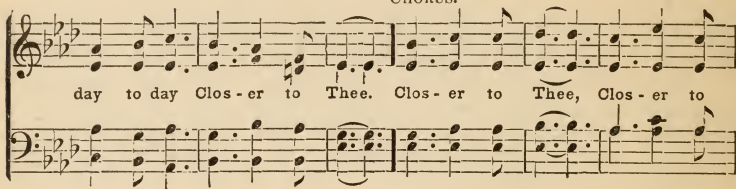
*"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."—Ps. 23 : 3.*

MRS. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

R. LOWRY.



## CHORUS.



2 And when the foe is nigh,  
May we all sin defy,  
Dare to resist or die,  
Strengthened by Thee.

CHO.—Strengthened by Thee,  
Strengthened by Thee,  
Strengthened, strengthened,  
Strengthened by Thee.

3 If clouds the daylight hide,  
Be Thou our Light and Guide;  
Let whatsoe'er betide,  
Lead us to Thee.

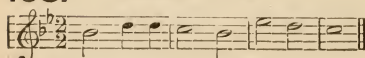
CHO.—Lead us to Thee,  
Lead us to Thee,  
Lead us, lead us,  
Lead us to Thee.

4 And when this life is o'er,  
Safe on the heavenly shore,  
Give we forevermore  
Glory to Thee.

CHO.—Glory to Thee,  
Glory to Thee,  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to Thee.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

109.

LENEX. H. M.



1 Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

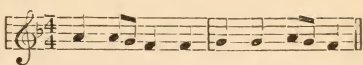
2 Jesus! transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above;  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at His love;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 O for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified;  
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

111.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

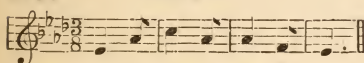
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous.—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

110.

HORTON. 7.



1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

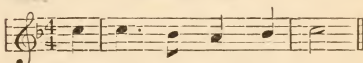
2 Hasten, mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

112.

OLNEY. S. M.



1 The Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-  
To all His children, "Come!" [claims

2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yea, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."—Ex. 20:3.

MRS. KATE SMILING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Fa - ther, lead Thy lit - tle chil - dren Ver - y ear - ly to Thy throne;

*Rit.* *FINE.*  
We will have no gods be - fore Thee; Thou art God, and Thou a - lone.  
D. S.—We will have no gods be - fore Thee; Thou art God, and Thou a - lone.

*REFRAIN.* *D. S.*  
Lead, O lead Thy lit - tle chil - dren Ver - y ear - ly to Thy throne;

2 In the Bible Thou hast taught us  
All our thoughts to Thee are known;  
Thou canst see us in the darkness;  
Thou art God, and Thou alone.—*Ref.*

3 Though the heathen bow to idols  
They have made of wood and stone,

We have Christian friends to tell us  
Thou art God, and Thou alone.—*Ref.*

4 Thou dost give us all our comforts,  
Everything we call our own  
Comes from Thee, our Heavenly Father;  
Thou art God, and Thou alone.—*Ref.*

Copyright, 1872, by Biglow & Main.

WELLS. L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

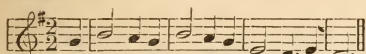
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

115.

EXPOSTULATION. 11.



1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye  
die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so  
nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,  
"Come."  
And angels are waiting to welcome you  
home.

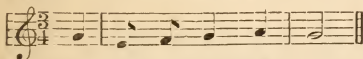
2 And now Christ is ready your souls to  
receive;  
O how can you question, if you will be-  
lieve?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not  
come?  
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you  
come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you  
obtain,  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your  
pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summoned  
to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding  
on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to  
spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and  
see,  
And prove that His mercy is boundless  
and free.

116.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 O where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from Thy face  
For evermore undone.

117.

Tune—BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Come, weary sinners, come,  
Groaning beneath your load;  
The Saviour calls His wanderers home;  
Haste to your pardoning God.

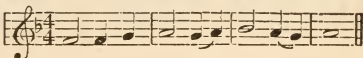
2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,  
Answer the Saviour's call,  
"O come, and I will give you rest,  
And I will save you all."

3 Redeemer, full of love,  
We would Thy word obey,  
And all Thy faithful mercies prove;  
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on Thee rely,  
On Thee would cast our care;  
Now to Thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there.

118.

HAMBURG. L. M.



1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
Yepoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5 See Him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

"He humbled himself."—Phil. 2 : 8.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. arr.

R. LOWRY.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me ;

But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho-ly na - tiv - i - ty.

## CHORUS.

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee ;

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 2 Heaven's echoes rang when the angels sang,  
Loud proclaiming Thy high degree ;  
But of lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
In Thy holy humility. *Cho.*
- 3 Camest Thou, O Lord, with the living Word  
That should set all Thy people free ;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
Sinners bore Thee to Calvary. *Cho.*
- 4 When the sky shall ring and the choir shall sing,  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Saviour, call me home, saying, "There is room,  
There is room at my side for thee." *Cho.*

"Praise him according to his excellent greatness."—Ps. 150: 2.

D. K.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Praise, for His ex - cel - lent greatness, Him who rules the earth and sky;

Praise Him with trumpet and cym - bal, Glo - ry be to God on high.

CHORUS.

Mighty King, thus we sing, Glory, honor, praise to Thee, Praise to Thee, praise to Thee,

Glory be to God on high; Glory, honor, praise to Thee, Glory be to God on high.

2 Gather the nations before Him,  
Let them know His sovereign power;  
He is the hope of His people,  
He their rock, their strength, their  
tower. *Cho.*

3 Praise to the Lord our Creator,  
He shall reign forever more;  
Praise to the Lord our Preserver,  
He the faithful will restore. *Cho.*

*"The glory of the Lord shall endure forever."—Ps. 104: 31.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the Lord our God, to the Lord our King, Let us lift our souls, and His

glo - ry sing; He has made the earth by His power to stand, And He

REFRAIN.  
holds the deep in His might - y hand. Sing His glo - ry, sing His glo - ry,

Let us enter His gates and His courts with praise; 'Tis His own right hand our re-

demption brings; O be joy - ful in the Lord, He is King of kings.

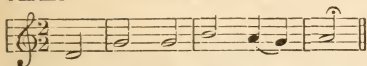
## SING HIS GLORY. Concluded.

2 He has built His throne on the hills above,  
He is clothed in light, He is crowned with love;  
But His eye looks down on our mortal frame,  
And He dwells with those that revere His name. *Ref.*

3 To the faithful soul He is ever nigh,  
And His ear bends low when His children cry;  
May He touch our hearts with a living flame,  
While our tongues break forth and the news proclaim. *Ref.*

122.

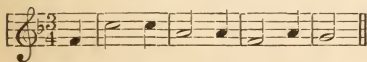
ST. THOMAS. S. M.



- 1 My son, know thou the Lord,  
Thy father's God obey;  
Seek His protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while He may be found;  
Seek Him while He is near;  
Serve Him with all Thy heart and mind,  
And worship Him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek His face,  
His ear will hear thy cry;  
Then shalt thou find His mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven,  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

123.

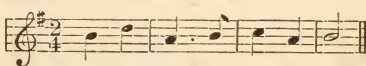
MEAR. C. M.



- 1 Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn;  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to the Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 4 Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

124.

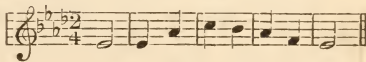
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.



- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear,—  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

125.

EVAN. C. M.



- 1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,  
For you He suffered pain;  
For you the Saviour spilt His blood:  
And shall He bleed in vain?
- 2 Sinners, His life for you He paid,  
Your basest crimes He bore;  
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,  
That you might sin no more.
- 3 To earth the great Redeemer came,  
That you might come to heaven;  
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,  
And all your sin's forgiven.
- 4 Believe in Him who died for thee,  
And, sure as He hath died,  
The debt is paid, thy soul is free,  
And thou art justified.

*"That your joy might be full."—John 15: 11.*

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. There is joy in my heart to-day, blessed Lord, There is joy with-in my

heart to-day; O I find such de-light in read-ing Thy word, And my

## CHORUS.

faith up-lifts me while I pray. There is joy in my heart, ho-ly

joy in my heart, I will sing and be glad in Thee; I am

saved by grace, Thy wonder-ful grace, Thro' the blood Thou hast shed for me.

# THERE IS JOY IN MY HEART TO-DAY. Concluded.

2 There is joy in my heart to-day, blessed Lord,  
And a joy that I delight to tell;  
I was lost, but am now in mercy restored,  
And I feel that with my soul 'tis well. *Cho.*

3 There is joy in my heart to-day, blessed Lord,  
That removes my every doubt and fear;  
For Thy peace-speaking voice how gladly I heard,  
And I know within me Thou art near. *Cho.*

4 There is joy in my heart to-day, blessed Lord,  
That is always better felt than told;  
'Tis a joy ever new, abiding and true,  
It will never, never more grow old. *Cho.*

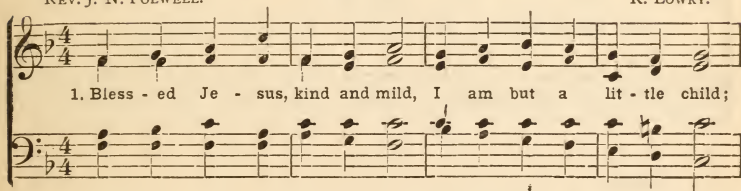
127.

## BLESSED JESUS, KIND AND MILD.

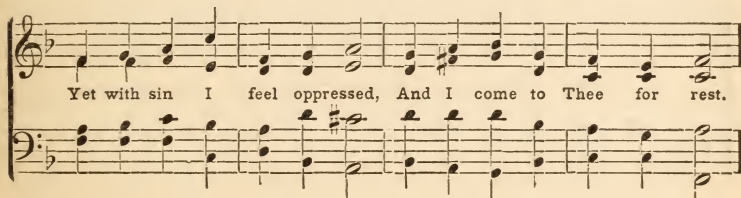
*"Suffer little children to come unto me."*—Matt. 18: 16.

REV. J. N. FOLWELL.

R. LOWRY.

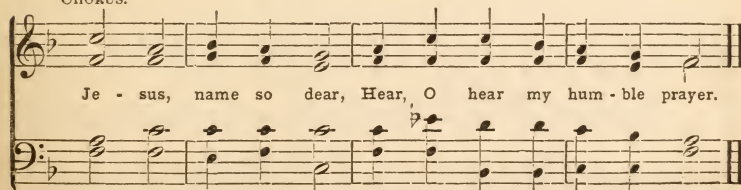


1. Bless - ed Je - sus, kind and mild, I am but a lit - tle child;



Yet with sin I feel oppressed, And I come to Thee for rest.

### CHORUS.



Je - sus, name so dear, Hear, O hear my hum - ble prayer.

2 Cleanse me from my guilty stains,  
Take away my heart-felt pains;  
Make my nature like Thine own,  
Thro' Thy blood that doth atone. *Cho.*

3 As thou didst Thy God obey,  
Give me grace to live that way,

Spending life in doing good,  
Glorifying thus my God. *Cho.*

4 Let my days an offering be  
To the Holy Trinity;  
Then, made meet by grace alone,  
Bring me to Thy heavenly throne. *Cho.*

D. B. P.

*"But are now returned."*—1 Pet. 2 : 25.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. I've wandered long, I've wandered far, I've sought in vain for rest; My

soul has known what sor-rows are, And guilt has filled my breast.

## CHORUS.

I come to Thee, O Lord, to Thee; No oth-er name, no

oth-er plea, But that my Saviour died for me, I bring, O Lord, to Thee.

2 No more in sin's delusive ways  
My weary feet shall roam;  
I've found in Christ a resting place,  
I'll find in Him a home. *Cho.*

3 When, in that glorious world above,  
My Saviour's face I see,  
I'll sing and praise Redeeming Love,  
That saved a wretch like me. *Cho.*

*"The Lord is my shepherd."—Ps. 23: 1.*

REV. HENRY W. BAKER.

R. LOWRY.

1. A lov - ing Friend my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ransomed soul He lead - eth;

And, where the ver - dant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.

2 Tho' oft my wayward feet have strayed,  
 His loving heart has sought me,  
 And, on His shoulder safely laid,  
 My Shepherd home has brought me.  
 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
 With Him, my Lord, beside me;  
 His rod and staff my comfort still,  
 His cross before to guide me.

3 He spreads a table in my sight,  
 His unction grace bestoweth;  
 And O the transport of delight  
 With which my cup o'erfloweth!  
 And so, thro' all the length of days,  
 His goodness faileth never;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house forever.

## WHY NOT COME TO JESUS?

*"Come, take up the cross and follow me."*—Mark. 10: 14.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Why not come to Je - sus? How can you slight and grieve Him?

Why not come to Je - sus? Now in your heart re - ceive Him.

## REFRAIN.

There is none like Je - sus, Je - sus our eld - er broth - er;

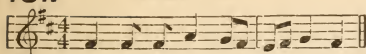
He a - lone can save you; Come, you can trust no oth - er.

- 2 Why not come to Jesus?  
 What is the world's vain pleasure?  
 Take His cross and bear it,  
 Seek for a heavenly treasure. *Ref.*
- 3 Why not come to Jesus?  
 Why are ye still delaying?

- From the gentle Shepherd  
 Farther and farther straying? *Ref.*
- 4 Why not come to Jesus?  
 Think of His love so tender;  
 Now before Him kneeling,  
 All to His love surrender. *Ref.*

131.

NAOMI. C. M.



1 How sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin, how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word :  
" Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust a faithful Lord."

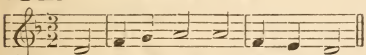
3 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;  
O help my unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly ;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into Thine arms I fall ;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

132.

WINDHAM. L. M.



1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of Thy grace ;  
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,  
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offenses pain my eyes.

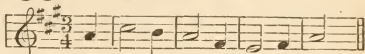
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;  
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my  
breath,  
I must pronounce Thee just, in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy  
word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

133.

BALERMA. C. M.



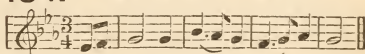
1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close ;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without His sovereign grace.

134.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come ! [spot,

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down :  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

"Fear not, little flock."—Luke 12: 32..

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re-ward; His might has won the

REFRAIN.

field— Thy strength is in the Lord. Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That

speaks to thee this word; Lift up thy head, re-joice In Je - sus Christ thy Lord.

2 Fear not! for God has heard  
The cry of thy distress;  
The water of His Word  
Thy fainting soul shall bless. *Ref.*

3 Fear not! be not dismayed,  
He, evermore, will be

With thee, to give His aid,  
And He will strengthen thee. *Ref.*

4 Fear not! ye little flock,  
Your Saviour soon will come,  
The Glory to unlock,  
And bring you to His home. *Ref.*

Copyright, 1882, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

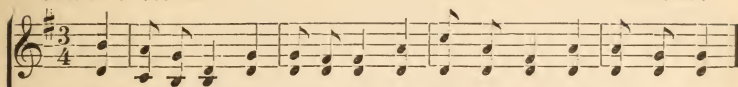
2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

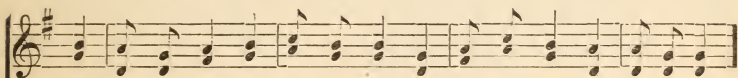
*"He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."*—John 10 : 3.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

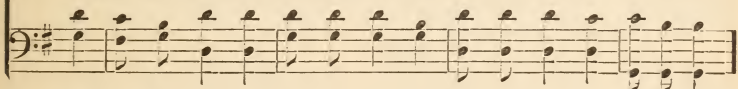
R. LOWRY.



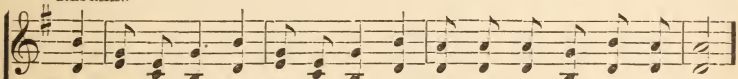
1. My days are pass-ing sweetly by, Such wit - ness in my heart have I;



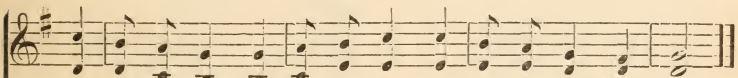
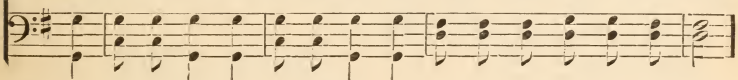
I take my Saviour's prof-ered hand, Thro' all this rough and dang'rous land.



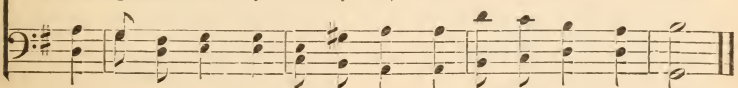
REFRAIN.



He leads me still, He leads me still, By sweetest draw-ings of His will;



This thought shall heal my ev - ery ill, 'Tis Je - sus leads me still.



2 Thro' valleys green, o'er shaded steep,  
My heart, my every step, He keeps;  
Though storms may oft-times cloud my day,  
Yet Jesus leads me all the way. *Ref.*

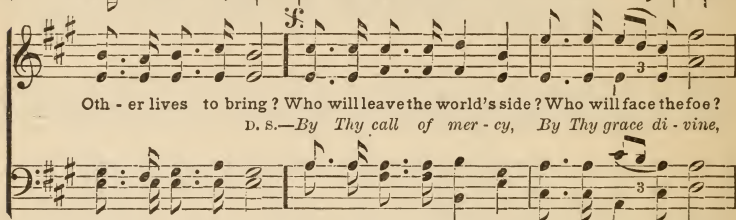
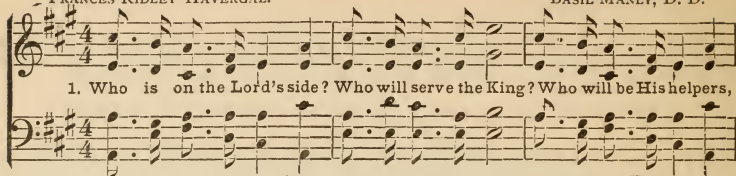
3 Yes, in my heart His witness dwells,  
And all His deathless love it tells;  
What griefs my wounded heart may feel,  
His hand, His faithful hand, can heal. *Ref.*

## WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32 : 26.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

BASIL MANLY, D. D.



Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

2 Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown or palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior psalm;  
But for love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died;  
He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side. *Cho.*

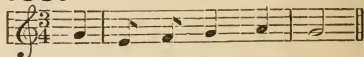
3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thy own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem;  
With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free. *Cho.*

4 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow;  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure,

For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure. *Cho.*

## 139.

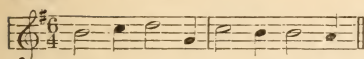
BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?  
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.  
3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take  
And seal me ever Thine.  
4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all Thy weight of love.

140.

EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops now fall on me,  
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me.

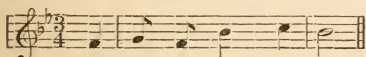
3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
While Thou'rt calling, O call me,  
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,  
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me,  
Even me.

141.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



1 Ah! whither should I go.  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint?

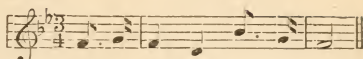
2 My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

142.

TOPLADY. 7.



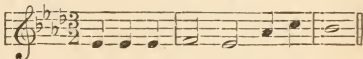
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

143.

WARE. L. M.



1 O for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn heart away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can  
quake;  
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt:  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—  
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

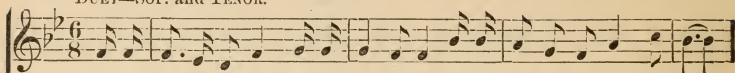
5 But power divine can do the deed;  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

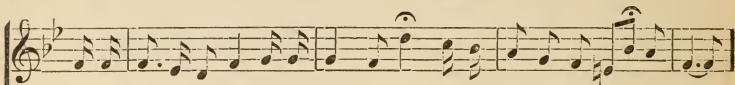
*"The hour is coming."*—John 5 : 28.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET—SOP. and TENOR.



1. I am waiting all day for my Lord to come, Till the King on His throne appear;



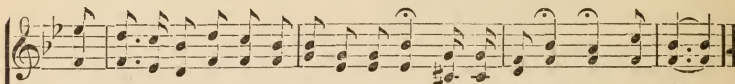
For I know not the hour, but my heart doth say That His coming must soon be near.



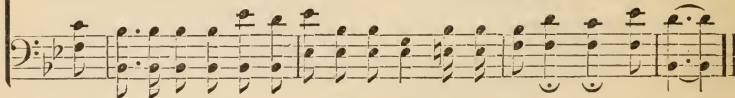
REFRAIN.



Then I pray that you watch and be ready, For the day of His glo - ry draws nigh;



When you that are ready shall enter with Him, To the hap - py home on high.



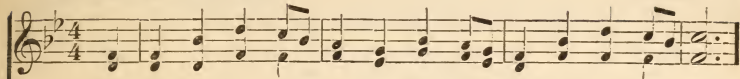
2 There are many asleep, and their lamps gone out,  
 But the door will be closed at last;  
 If they call, He will say, It is all too late,  
 And the day of His grace is past. *Ref.*

3 Then be ready and wait, for the midnight cry  
 Through the world and the stars shall ring;  
 And the faithful and just shall be gathered then  
 To the feast of their Lord and King. *Ref.*

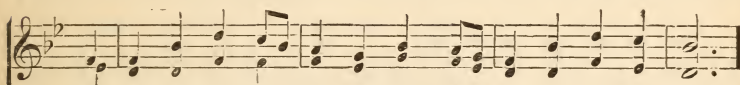
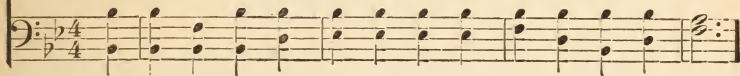
*If ye love me, keep my commandments.*"—John 14 : 15.

MRS. MARY MATHEWS-SMITH.

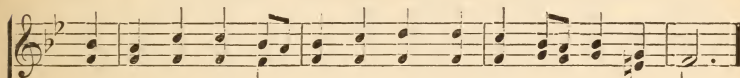
R. LOWRY.



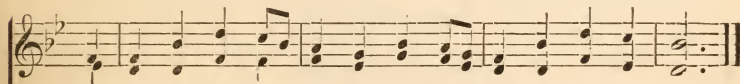
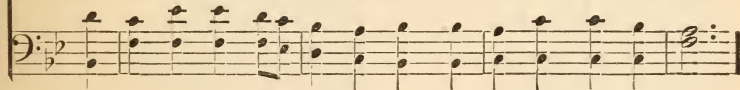
1. 'Tis not a - lone to feel Thy love, Tho' sweet that love may be ;



I ask Thee, Lord, to grant as well True ways of serv - ing Thee.



Teach me to feel my dai - ly task A bless - ing from Thy hand ;



Make me to hear, each day I live, Thy gos - pel's firm command.



2 To work ere yet the night shall fall,  
To find in work reward,  
I know that whatsoever I do  
Is done for Thee, O Lord.

And thus may love and work at last  
Win love and work for me,  
Where all who live in love are found  
With gladness serving Thee.

## 146.

## COMFORT IN PRAYER.

*"The Lord will receive my prayer"—Ps. 6: 9.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Throne of e - ter - nal Love, Ref - uge from care! O what a

precious thought, Je - sus is there; Un - der His might-y wings, Faith to His

mer - cy clings, While to my heart she brings Comfort sweet in prayer.

2 Throne of eternal Love!  
There would I be;  
There my Redeemer comes  
Nearest to me;  
Brightly His glories shine,  
Sweetly His voice divine  
Gives to this heart of mine  
Comfort sweet in prayer.

3 Throne of eternal Love,  
Refuge from care!  
There is my hiding-place,  
Jesus is there;  
Calmly my heart oppressed  
Leans on His loving breast;  
O what a blessed rest!  
Comfort sweet in prayer.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 147.

## WHAT HE WILL.

*"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25: 1.*

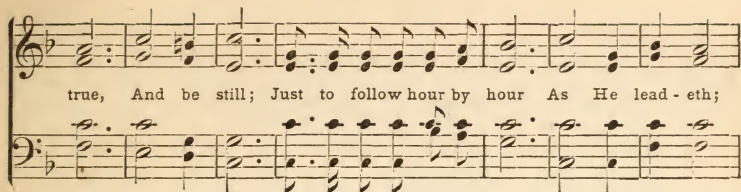
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. LOWRY.

1. Just to let Thy Father do What He will; Just to know that He is

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

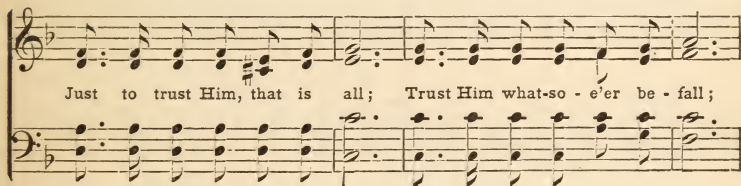
# WHAT HE WILL. Concluded.



true, And be still; Just to follow hour by hour As He lead - eth;



Just to draw the moment's power As it need - eth;



Just to trust Him, that is all; Trust Him what-so - e'er be - fall;



Then the day will sure - ly be Bright and blessed, calm and free,

2 Just to let Him speak to thee  
Through His Word;  
Watching that His voice may be  
Clearly heard;  
Just to tell Him everything  
As it rises,  
And at once to Him to bring  
All surprises;  
Just to listen, and to stay  
Where He puts thee day by day;  
So thou canst not miss His voice,  
But behold Him and rejoice.

3 Just to trust, and yet to ask  
Guidance still;  
Take the training or the task,  
As He will;  
Just to take the loss or gain  
As He sends it;  
Just to take the joy or pain  
As He lends it;  
He who formed thee for His praise,  
He who molds thee all thy days,  
Will not miss His gracious aim,  
But will mark thee with His name.

# 148. WHEREFORE SHOULD OUR HEART BE TROUBLED ?

"Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14 : 1.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Where-fore should our heart be troubled, If in Je - sus we are one?

Let us think of all His goodness, And the work His love has done.

CHORUS.

O let not our heart be troubled; If our all on Him is cast,

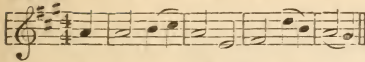
Let us trust Him for the fu - ture, While we praise Him for the past.

2 He may test our faith and try us,  
He may scourge us in His love;  
But the balm of consolation  
Comes with healing from above. *Cho.*

3 O let not our heart be troubled;  
If our hope on Him is stayed,  
We shall hear Him gently saying,  
"It is I, be not afraid." *Cho.*

149.

WIMBORNE. L. M.



1 Lord, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and  
sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace  
within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

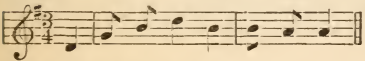
3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come  
But fly not half so swift away: [on,  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasure grow;  
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,  
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,  
But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numbering o'er the richer joys  
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

150.

SOLID ROCK. L. M.



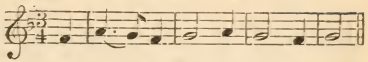
1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood:  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

151.

FILLMORE. L. M. D.



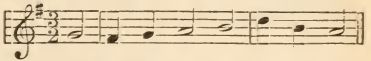
1 And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 He left His Father's throne above,—  
So free, so infinite His grace!—  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

3 No condemnation need I dread,  
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

152.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

*"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."*—Ps. 51: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a bro - ken heart, Saviour, I bring, While to Thy  
bless - ed cross help - less I cling; There in Thy name I wait,  
pleading with Thee; O, my Re - deem - er, save, save Thou me.

2 Only a broken heart, I have no more;  
Lord, may I enter in? Thou art the door;  
Where can I go for rest, where but to Thee?  
O, my Redeemer, save, save Thou me.

3 Only a broken heart, yet I believe;  
Only a broken heart Thou wilt receive;  
Thou in Thy word dost call lost ones to Thee;  
O, my Redeemer, save, save Thou me.

4 Lord, to Thy promise now faith lifts mine eyes,  
Thou my poor broken heart wilt not despise;  
Take then the gift I bring on bended knee;  
O, my Redeemer, save, save Thou me.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
Their soul is His abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His temple and His throne  
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,  
May ours this blessing be;  
O give the pure and lowly heart,—  
A temple meet for Thee.

*"Thanks be to God."*—1 Cor. 15: 57.

NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1529.

R. LOWRY.

1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer-cy ceas-ing nev-er,

Where-by no foe a hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev-er;

With joy to Him our hearts as-cend, The source of peace that

knows no end, A peace that none can sev-er.

2 The honors paid Thy holy name,  
 To hear Thou ever deignest;  
 Thou, God the Father, still the same,  
 Unshaken ever reignest;  
 Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might,  
 Thy thoughts and deeds outstrip the light;  
 Thou, Lord, our heaven remainest.

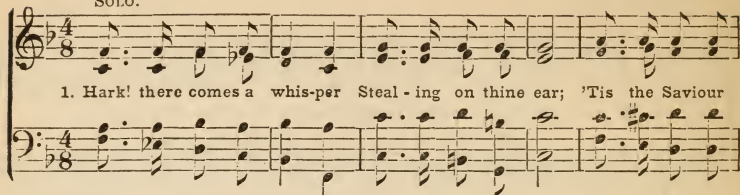
3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,  
 Son of Thy heavenly Father,  
 O Thou who hast our peace restored,  
 And Thy lost sheep doth gather—  
 Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high,  
 From out our depths we sinners cry,  
 Have mercy on us, Jesus.

## 156.

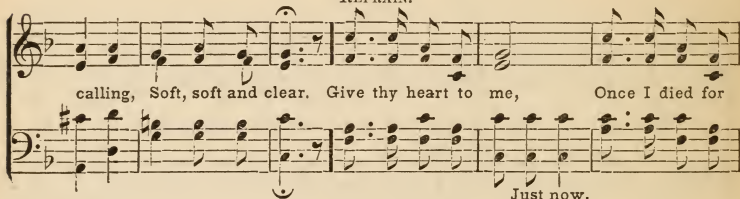
## HARK! THERE COMES A WHISPER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  
SOLO.

W. H. DOANE.



## REFRAIN.



2 With that voice so gentle,  
Dost thou hear Him say,  
Tell me all thy sorrows,  
Come, come away? *Ref.*

3 Wouldst thou find a refuge  
For thy soul oppressed?

Jesus kindly answers,  
I am thy rest. *Ref.*

4 At the cross of Jesus  
Let thy burden fall,  
While He gently whispers,  
I'll bear it all. *Ref.*

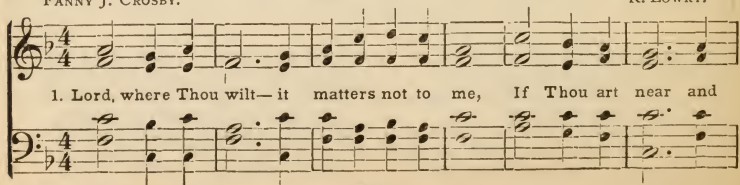
Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 157.

## LORD, WHERE THOU WILT.

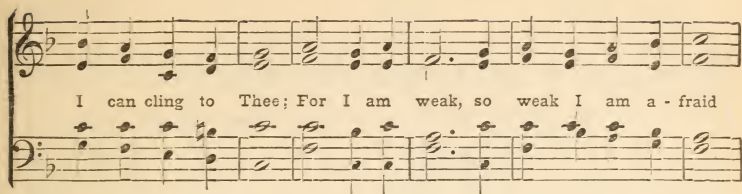
FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.



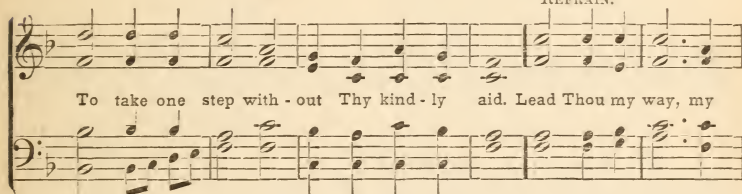
Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

# LORD, WHERE THOU WILT. Concluded.

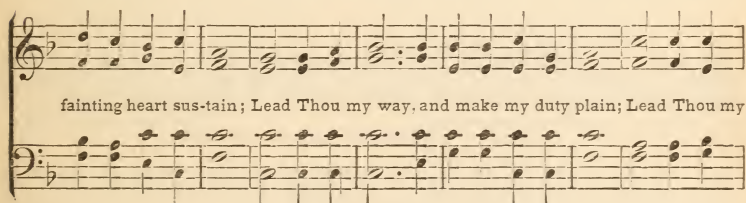


I can cling to Thee; For I am weak, so weak I am a - fraid

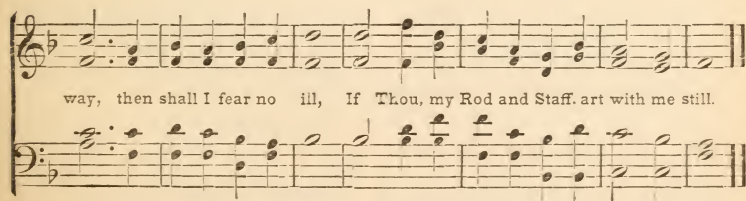
## REFRAIN.



To take one step with - out Thy kind - ly aid. Lead Thou my way, my



fainting heart sus-tain; Lead Thou my way, and make my duty plain; Lead Thou my



way, then shall I fear no ill, If Thou, my Rod and Staff, art with me still.

2 Lord, where Thou wilt—it matters not to me,  
Though skies may frown and dark my path may be;  
I am content, since Thou, my Life, my Light.  
Canst pierce the veil that hangs o'er darkest night. *Ref.*

3 Lord, where Thou wilt—it matters not to me,  
If faith's clear eye the polar star may see;  
If I can read my title to a home  
Where sin and death and night can never come. *Ref.*

"The shadow of a rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. P. DANKS.

1. To the shadow of the rock, Saviour, would I flee; But my steps are

CHORUS.

weak and faint; Help me cling to Thee. Safe beneath that sure re - treat,

From the noon-day's burning heat, Till Thou call me home.  
Will my rest be calm and sweet,

2 Blessed shadow, blessed rock,  
Hope for every fear—  
There the living streams of joy  
Murmur soft and clear. *Cho.*

3 Though the glittering things of earth  
Tempt my heart away,  
In the shadow of the rock  
Let me ever stay. *Cho.*

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

EVAN. C. M.

1 Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
The tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?

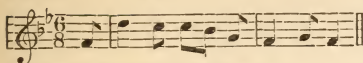
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
May Thy blest wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me home.

160.

CAEOL. C. M. D.



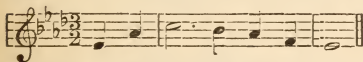
1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast!"  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright!"  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till all my journey's done.

161.

VIOLA. 7.



1 Chief of sinners though I be,  
 Jesus shed His blood for me;  
 Died that I might live on high,  
 Died that I might never die;  
 As the branch is to the vine,  
 I am His and He is mine.

2 O the height of Jesus' love!  
 Higher than the heavens above,  
 Deeper than the depths of sea,  
 Lasting as eternity;  
 Love that found me, — wondrous  
 thought! —  
 Found me when I sought Him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
 Christ is all in all to me;  
 All my wants to Him are known,  
 All my sorrows are His own;  
 Safe with Him from earthly strife,  
 He sustains the hidden life.

162.

NAOMI. C. M.



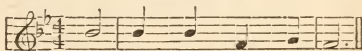
1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
 My life and death attend;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.

163.

LENOX. H. M.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding Sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears:  
 Before the throne my Surety stands,  
 My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
 For me to intercede;  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood, to plead;  
 His blood atoned for all our race,  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me:  
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

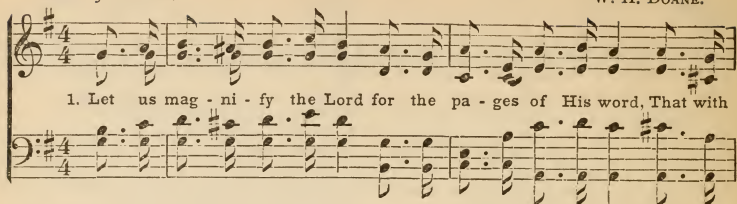
4 The Father hears Him pray,  
 His dear anointed One:  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of His Son:  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;  
 His pardoning voice I hear:  
 He owns me for His child;  
 I can no longer fear:  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

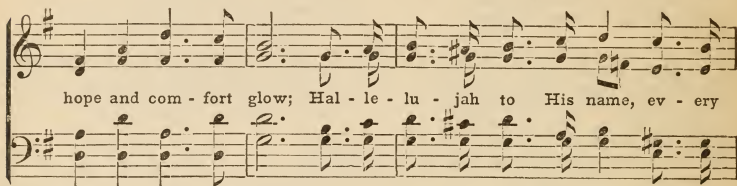
*"O magnify the Lord with me."—Ps. 34: 3.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

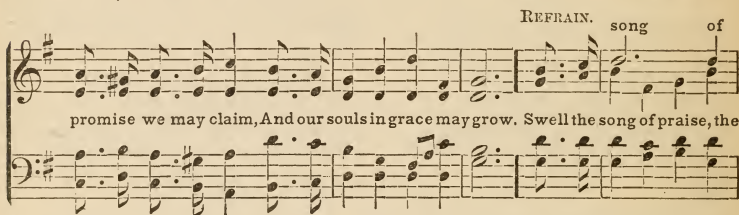


1. Let us mag - ni - fy the Lord for the pa - ges of His word, That with



hope and com - fort glow; Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, ev - ery

REFRAIN. song of



promise we may claim, And our souls in grace may grow. Swell the song of praise, the

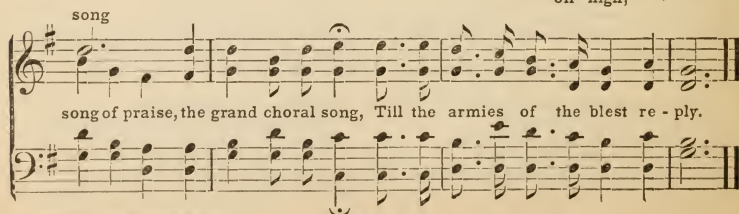
praise,



grand choral song, All glo - ry be to God on high; Swell the

on high;

song



song of praise, the grand choral song, Till the armies of the blest re - ply.

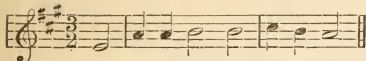
## LET US MAGNIFY THE LORD. Concluded.

2 Let us magnify the Lord, and rejoice with one accord,  
For the gift of life He gave,  
When He suffered once for all, and redeemed us from the fall  
By His vict'ry o'er the grave. *Ref.*

3 Let us magnify the Lord for the perfect peace restored,  
And the joy that crowns our days;  
To the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit, Three in One,  
Everlasting love and praise. *Ref.*

165.

AZMON. C. M.



1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad:  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move,  
While Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

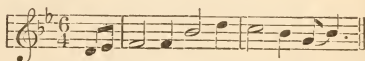
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
He bound me with the bands of love,  
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole:  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled,  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold:  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home!

167.

MAITLAND. C. M.



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

166.

LEBANON. S. M. D.



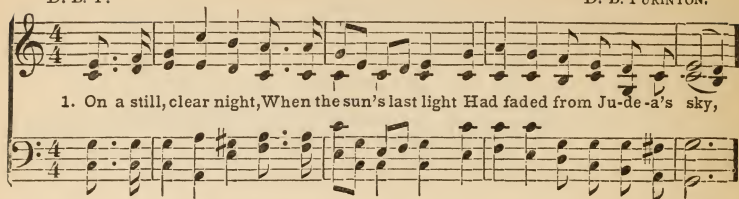
1 I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled;  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;

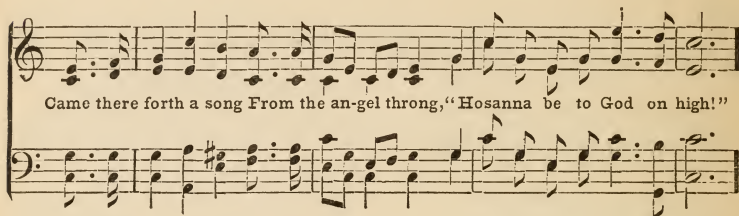
*"The glory of the Lord shone round about them."—Luke 2: 9.*

D. B. P.

D. B. PURINTON.

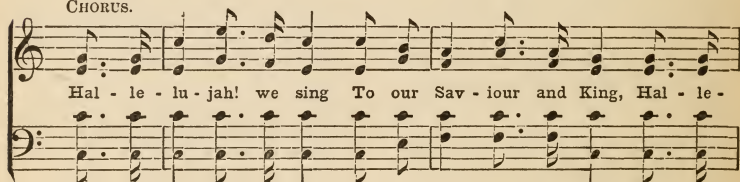


1. On a still, clear night, When the sun's last light Had faded from Ju-de-a's sky,

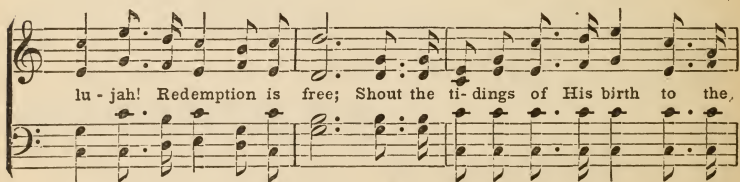


Came there forth a song From the an-gel throng, "Hosanna be to God on high!"

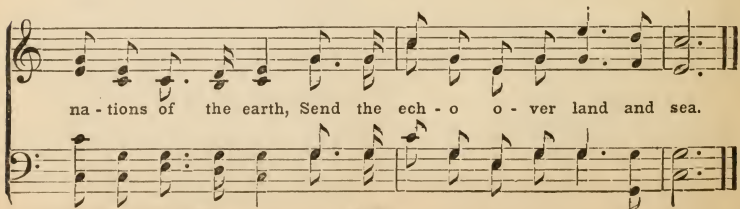
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! we sing To our Sav - iour and King, Hal - le -



lu - jah! Redemtion is free; Shout the ti - dings of His birth to the,



na - tions of the earth, Send the ech - o o - ver land and sea.

# ADVENT SONG. Concluded.

2 'Twas a gracious word  
That the shepherds heard,  
As angels voiced the glad refrain;  
And it echoes still,  
And its magic thrill  
Gives, "Peace on earth, good will to  
men." *Cho.*

3 Send the tidings forth  
Over all the earth,  
That Christ is born in Bethlehem;  
Let the earth rejoice,  
And obey His voice,  
For He is mighty to redeem. *Cho.*

169.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.



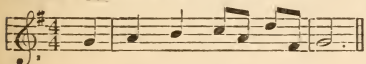
1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view.  
The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

170.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



1 How can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell;  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

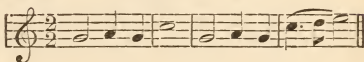
3 We who in Christ believe  
That He for us hath died,  
We all His unknown peace receive,  
And feel His blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburdened of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within our hearts, and dare  
The pointless darts of death.

171.

SESSIONS. L. M.



1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent Thine I would be,  
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of Thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,  
Be Thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all.

5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

*"Watch and pray."*—Matt. 26: 41.

D. K.

R. LOWRY.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis called to - day; Watch, lest the

world pre - vail; Watch, christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the flesh is weak;

Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the Bridegroom come; Watch, tho' He tarry [long.

CHORUS.

O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray;

O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray,

O, watch in the darkness, watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

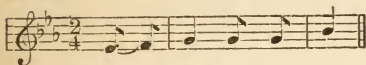
# CHRISTIAN, WATCH AND PRAY. Concluded.

2 Chase slumber from thine eyes,  
Chase doubting from thy breast;  
Thine is the promised prize  
Of heaven's eternal rest;  
Watch, christian, watch and pray;  
Thy Saviour watched for thee,  
Till from His brow there poured  
Great drops of agony. *Cho.*

3 Take Jesus for thy trust;  
Watch, watch forevermore;  
Watch, for thou soon must sleep  
With thousands gone before;  
Now, when thy sun is up,  
Now, while 'tis called to-day,  
Now is the accepted time;  
Watch, christian, watch and pray. *Cho.*

173.

RAPTURE. 12, 9.



1 O how happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song;  
O that all His salvation might see!  
"He hath loved me," I cried,  
"He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me."

4 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fullness of God.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

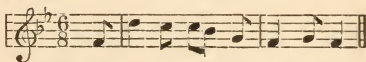
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

175.

CAROL. C. M. D.

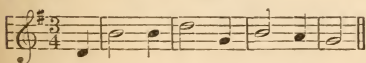


1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed!

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will bring me home.  
Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

174.

SIMPSON. C. M.



1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!

*"My rest for ever."*—Ps. 132: 14.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I know there's a rest that re - main-eth for me, A rest when my

jour-ney is o'er; I know that the ransomed in bliss I shall see,

CHORUS.

And la - bor and sor-row no more. Then onward I'll go, and with

courage I'll tread The path my Re-deem-er has trod, Since He hath de -

clared there re - main-eth a rest, A rest for the peo - ple of God.

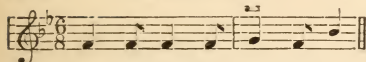
# I KNOW THERE'S A REST. Concluded.

2 I know there's a rest that remaineth for me,  
A rest with my Saviour above,  
Where, clothed in His image, His face I shall see,  
And feast on the smile of His love. *Cho.*

3 I know there's a rest that remaineth for me;  
I'll patiently wait till it come,—  
Till angels shall bear me away on their wings,  
And Jesus shall welcome me home. *Cho.*

177.

ROCKPORT. 7, 6, 8.



1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good!  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with His blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

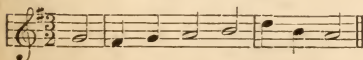
2 Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Wither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in His grace to grow,  
And ever in His faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

4 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, the breadth, the height,  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

178.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;

To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

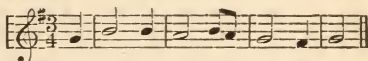
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee:  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

179.

BARBY. C. M.



1 Let Him to whom we now belong,  
His sovereign right assert;  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for His own,  
Who bought us with a price;  
The Christian lives to Christ alone;  
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive;  
Fulfill our hearts' desire;  
And let us to Thy glory live,  
And in Thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render Thee  
Our all,—no longer ours, but Thine  
To all eternity.

"Now they desire a better country."—Heb. 11: 16.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Slow and gliding.*

1. 'Twill not be long, our journey here; Each broken sigh and fall - ing tear

*Rit.*  
Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloudless sky, a wave-less sea.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam; The  
Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on,

*Rit.*  
pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.

2 'Twill not be long; the yearning heart  
May feel its every hope depart,  
And grief be mingled with its song;  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. *Cho.*

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye  
Of those we loved in days gone by,

Yet sweet in death their latest song—  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long. *Cho.*

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns  
o'erspread,  
Through which our way so oft is led—  
This march of time, if faith be strong,  
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long. *Cho.*

181.

LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.



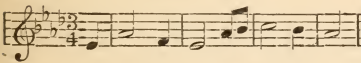
1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;  
All Thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

182.

AVON. C. M.



1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
"For me the Saviour died."

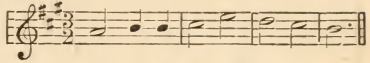
2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

183.

DEDHAM. C. M.



1 Lord, I believe a rest remains  
To all Thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone:

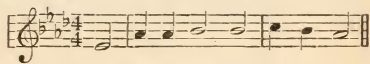
2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;  
This unbelief remove:  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of Thy love.

184.

AZMON. C. M.



1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

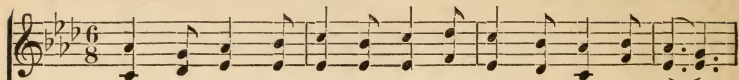
5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

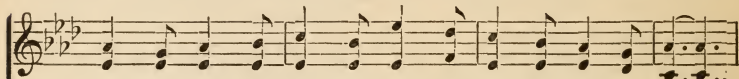
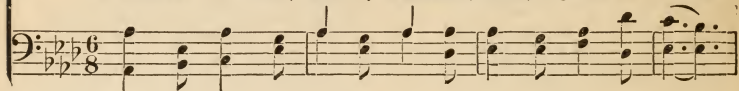
WM. STEVENSON.

*"Come unto me, all ye that labor."*—Matt. 11: 28.

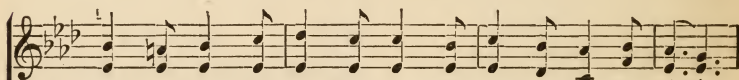
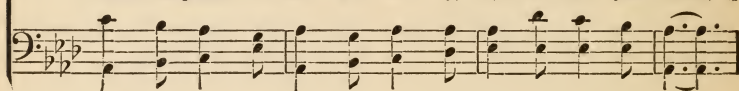
R. LOWRY.



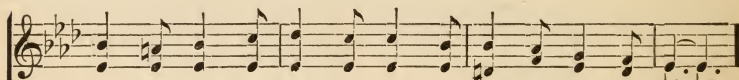
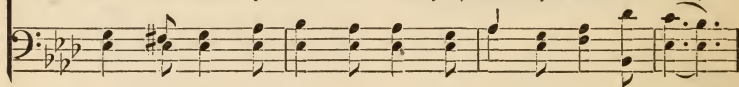
1. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry wanderer, Cease, O cease to roam;



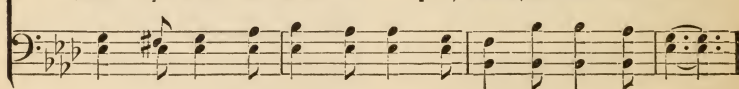
Leave the paths of sin and fol - ly, Je - sus bids you come;



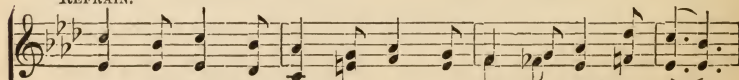
He is read - y to re - ceive you, Cleanse you from all sin;



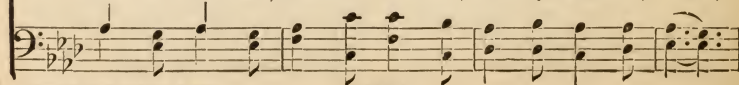
Mer - cy's door He waits to o - pen; Knock, and en - ter in.



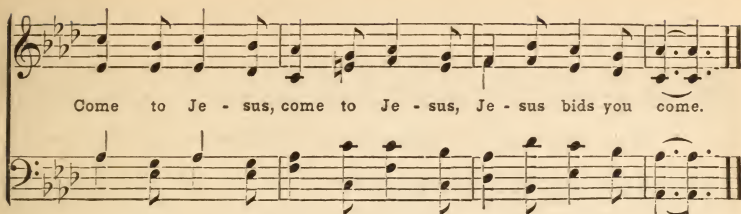
## REFRAIN.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Wea - ry wanderer, come;



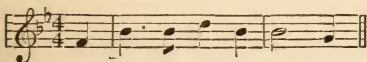
# COME TO JESUS, WEARY WANDERER. Concluded.



- 2 Cease your wanderings, burdened sinner,  
Hear His gentle voice ;  
Take His easy yoke upon you,  
Make His paths your choice ;  
In the way of peace He'll lead you,  
All your steps attend ;  
He will guide, protect, and bless you,  
To your journey's end. *Ref.*

## 186.

WEBB. 7, 6.



- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss ;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

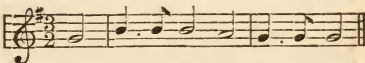
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day ;  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
Against unnumbered foes ;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone ;  
The arm of flesh will fail you ;  
Ye dare not trust your own :  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer ;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song :  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

## 187.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?

- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh ;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

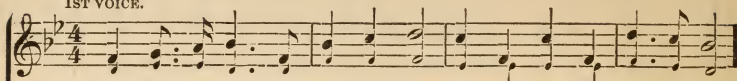
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

*"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa 21 : 11.*

W. H. DOANE.

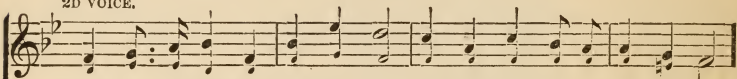
1ST VOICE.



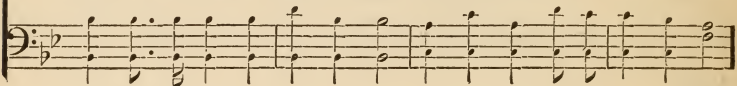
1. What of the night, O watchman? say; Canst thou yet one gleam behold?



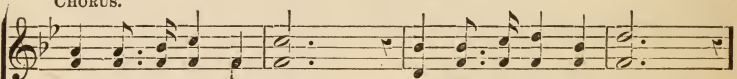
2D VOICE.



Bright in the distance see that ray, Shin-ing now in a flood of gold.

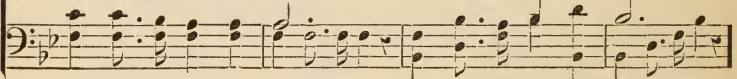


CHORUS.



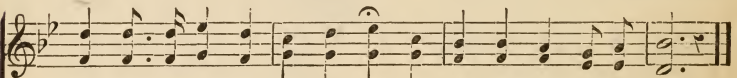
Lift we our voi - ces high,

Lift we our voi - ces high;

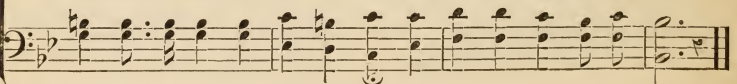


Lift them high,

Lift them high;



Soon shall the glorious morn-ing star Be hailed with joy from a - far.

1ST VOICE. 2 What of the night, O watchman? say;  
Will the darkness tarry long?2ND VOICE.— Wait for the dawning, trust and pray,  
Let thy faith in the Lord be strong. *Cho.*1ST VOICE. 3 What of the night, O watchman? say;  
Is it light that greets me now?2ND VOICE.— Yes, 'tis the welcome light of day,  
Smiling down from the mountain's brow. *Cho.*

*"Partakers of the heavenly calling."—Heb. 3:1.*

FANNY J. CROSEY.

S. J. VAIL.

SOLO.

QUARTET.

1. I'm near - ing the val - ley that leads to Thee; Home, heavenly home!

SOLO.

QUARTET.

A light from thy port - als beams out for me; Home, heavenly home!

CHORUS.

O sweet home of the blest, There my soul for - ev - er shall rest; I shall

sing ev - er - more the glad new song, Which the ransomed alone pro - long.

2 Thro' trials my spirit must reach thy shore;  
 Home, heavenly home!  
 Yet there will my labor and care be o'er;  
 Home, heavenly home! *Cho.*

3 My loving Redeemer I there shall see;  
 Home, heavenly home!  
 And washed in His blood is a robe for me;  
 Home, heavenly home! *Cho.*

## JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

*"The washing of regeneration."*—Tit. 3 : 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. Just from the fountain—and now we can sing, Hap-py, O hap-py in

Je - sus! Just from the brink of the life - giv - ing spring,

## REFRAIN.

'Hap - py, O hap - py in Je - sus! Gone is our bur - den, He

rolled it a - way, O-pened our eyes to the light of the day;

Now in the fullness of joy we can say, Hap-py, O hap-py in Je - sus.

## JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

2 Just from the fountain—'twas sweet to be there,  
 Saved through the merits of Jesus;  
 Asking the aid of His Spirit in prayer,  
 Holding communion with Jesus. *Ref.*

3 Just from the fountain of mercy are we,  
 Happy, O happy in Jesus!  
 Sinner, that fountain is flowing for thee,  
 Come and be happy in Jesus. *Ref.*

191.

PENITENCE. 7, 6, 8.



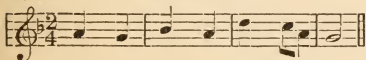
1 Jesus, let Thy pitying eye  
 Call back a wandering sheep;  
 False to Thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain, like Peter, weep:  
 Let me be by grace restored;  
 On me be all long-suffering shown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through Thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart:  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of Thy grief unknown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
 Nor suffer me to die;  
 Life, and happiness, and love  
 Drop from Thy gracious eye:  
 Speak the reconciling word,  
 And let Thy mercy melt me down;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone,

192.

SEYMOUR. 7.



1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
 'Tis thy Saviour,—hear His word:  
 Jesus speaks, He speaks to thee:  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"

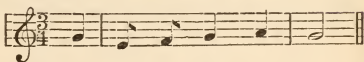
2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above;  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death."

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love Thee and adore:  
 O for grace to love Thee more!

193.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Sow in the morn thy seed;  
 At eve hold not thy hand;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,  
 The late or early sown;  
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
 When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garner in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God, shall come,  
 The angel reapers shall descend,  
 And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { There's a gen - tle voice with - in calls a - way, 'Tis a  
But my heart is melt - ed now, I o - bey, From my

calls a - way,  
I o - bey,

1st. 2d. CHORUS.  
warn - ing I have heard o'er and o'er;  
Sav - iour I will wan - der [Omit. . . . no more.} Yes, I will go;  
o'er and o'er;

yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved; Yes, I will go;

Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

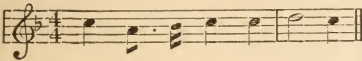
2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,  
If I ask in simple faith for His love;  
In His holy word I learn how to live,  
And to labor for His kingdom above. *Cho.*

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,  
And be faithful to its cause till I die;  
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,  
I shall wear a starry crown by and by. *Cho*

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,  
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
But my heart is melted now, I obey;  
From my Saviour I will wander no more. *Cho.*

195.

WORK SONG. 7, 6, 5.



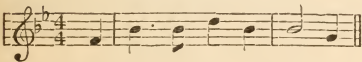
1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon;  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for the daylight flies;  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

196.

WEBB. 7, 6.



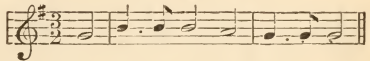
1 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Beneath His banner true;  
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue;  
His love foretells thy trials,  
He knows thine hourly need;  
He can, with bread of heaven,  
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Fear not the secret foe;  
Far more are o'er thee watching  
Than human eyes can know;  
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,  
Cease not to watch and pray;  
Heed not the treacherous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
And heaven is all possessed;  
Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armor by,  
And wear, in endless glory,  
The crown of victory.

197.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

198.

Tune—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause;  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

## 199.

## IF YE ABIDE IN ME.

*"Ye shall ask what ye will."—John 15: 7.*

B. W.

R. LOWRY.

1. "If ye a - bide in me"— Dear Lord, then can there be

A doubt that we to Thee should go, When such a grant is given,

To make the Lord of heaven Our dwelling-place, our home be - low?

2 O Lord, I would not miss  
So rich a boon as this,  
For all earth's honors, or its wealth;  
For, leaning on Thy breast,  
My pardoned soul finds rest,  
And joy, and holiness, and health.

3 But since I may "abide"  
So near Thy sheltering side,  
And make my home within Thy heart—  
No sin, nor shame, nor grief,  
Can fail of sure relief,  
Or force me from my home to part.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 200.

## THE PRECIOUS PART.

*"The Lord shall give thee rest."—Isa. 14: 3.*

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Bless - ed are the friends of Je - sus, Lov - ing Him with all their heart;

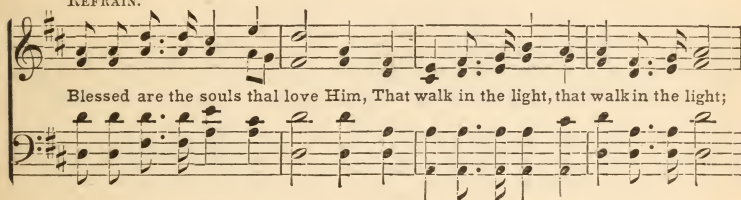
Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

# THE PRECIOUS PART. Concluded.

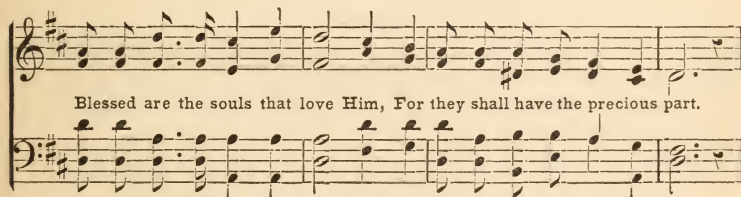


Bless - ed are the souls that trust in Him, For they shall have the precious part.

## REFRAIN.

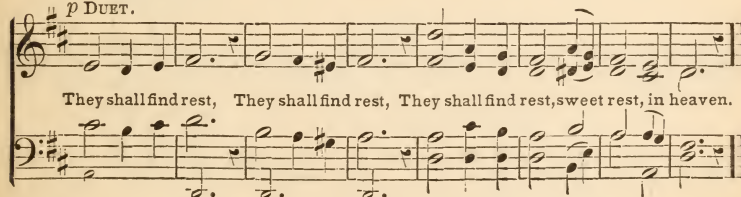


Blessed are the souls that love Him, That walk in the light, that walk in the light;



Blessed are the souls that love Him, For they shall have the precious part.

## *p* DUET.



They shall find rest, They shall find rest, They shall find rest, sweet rest, in heaven.

2 Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
Blessed are the pure in heart;  
Blessed are the souls that hunger now,  
For they shall have the precious part. *Ref.*

3 Blessed are the hands that labor,  
Earnest in the work for God;  
Blessed are the feet that lightly tread  
The path our dear Redeemer trod. *Ref.*

4 Blessed are the kind and gentle,  
Blessed are the meek in heart  
Blessed are the true and faithful  
For they shall have the precious part. *Ref.*

"Let us labor therefore."—Heb. 4 : 11.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited.*

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the

reapers few, And the Master's voice bids the work-ers true Heed the

CHORUS.

call that He gives to - day. La - bor on, la - bor

La - bor on,

on, Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mas - ter has

la - bor on,

said He will strength re - new, La - bor on till the close of day.

## LABOR ON. Concluded.

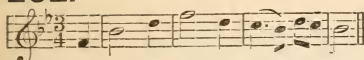
2 Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright,  
Let the song be glad and the heart be light;  
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night  
Take the place of the golden day.

3 In the gleaner's path may be rich reward,  
Though the time seems long, and the labor hard;  
For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,  
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

4 Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above  
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and strove,  
When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,  
Calls away to eternal day.

202.

CADDO. C. M.



1 While Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

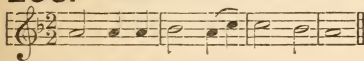
2 Thy love the power of thought be-  
stowed;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

203.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless  
days?

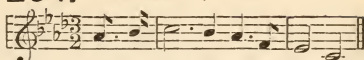
2 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

204.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

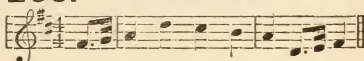


1 Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,  
"Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white and harvests waiting;  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you:  
Take the task He gives you gladly;  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

205.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new luster boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust,

*"Be thou faithful unto death."*—Rev. 2: 10.

REV. A. KENYON.

R. LOWRY.

1. Je - sus, hear me when I pray, Keep and help me all the day;

Save from fear and care and sin, Make me pure and strong with - in.

REFRAIN.  
Where I am, and what I do, Keep me faith - ful, keep me true;

Where I am, and what I do, Keep me faith - ful, keep me true.

2 Weak I am, and weak must be,  
Lost unless I'm saved by Thee;  
Jesus, now Thy grace impart,  
Keep my trembling, wandering heart. *Ref.*

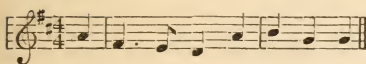
3 Power and grace are Thine I know,  
Richest love Thou canst bestow;

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main.

Save my soul from Satan's wiles,  
Cheer my pathway with Thy smiles. *Ref.*

4 Only now a pilgrim, I  
Look for mansions in the sky,  
There to dwell with angels bright,  
Clothed in robes of heavenly light. *Ref.*

207. HE LEADETH ME. L. M.



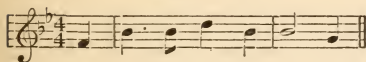
1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
REF.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by Thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

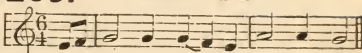
208. WEBB. 7, 6.



1 God is my strong salvation;  
What foe have I to fear?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My light, my help, is near;  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm in the fight I stand;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul, with courage wait;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate;  
His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

209. RETREAT. L. M.



1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat:  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

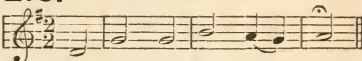
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet:  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

210. ST. THOMAS. S. M.



1 Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well."

5 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command:  
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear,

## 211.

## MARCH ON! O BANNER OF JESUS.

*"Lift ye up a banner on the high mountain."—Isa. 13: 2.*

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O Ban-ner of Je - sus, in tri - umph ad-vanc-ing, Thy folds in the

sun-light of beau - ty un - furled; From the hill-sides a - far to the

isles of the o - cean, Thy glo - ry shall float till it conquers the world.

## REFRAIN.

O Ban-ner of Je - sus, thou glo - ry-crowned Banner, Thou emblem of

hope o'er the na-tions un-furled, March on in triumph, march on in

onward,

onward,

# MARCH ON! O BANNER OF JESUS. Concluded.

beau-ty, Till Je-sus, till Jesus hath conquered the world; March on in  
onward,  
triumph, march on in beau-ty, Till Je-sus, till Jesus hath conquered the world.  
onward,

2 O say can you see where the ranks are now marching?  
With banners of beauty like conquerors they come;  
They have fought the good fight, and in peace are returning,  
The ransomed of Zion; O welcome them home. *Ref.*

3 Behold where they stand on the green hills immortal,  
Their weapons unheeded, they rest on the shore;  
There with heroes and martyrs in glory reposing,  
Their warfare is ended, they weary no more. *Ref.*

212.

## CHILDREN'S PRAYER. Chant.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Hear, I beseech thee."—Job 42: 14.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hear, O Lord, we }  
beseech Thee, The | } children's | prayer; || And | grant Thy | blessing | now.
2. Here again Thou }  
hast brought us To | } learn Thy | word; || O | may we | learn | it | well.
3. Look on those }  
who instruct us, And | } give them | grace || To | lead our | hearts | to | Thee.
4. Help us all to remember Thy | holy | day, || And | worship | Thee, | our | God.
5. Glory be to the }  
Father, And | } to the | Son, || And | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost. | A - men.

*"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice."—Ps. 116: 1.*

MADAME GUYON.

R. LOWRY.

1. I love my God. but with no love of mine, For I have

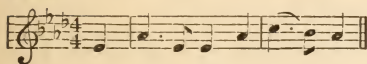
none to give; I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,

For by Thy life I live; I am as noth - ing,

and re - joice to be Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,  
 And there is none beside;  
 From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,  
 In Thee the blest abide,—  
 Fountain of life and all-absorbing grace,  
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

214. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7, 6.



1 I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above;  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.  
CHO.—I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story,  
It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word.

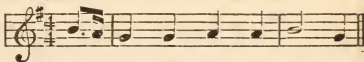
4 I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.

2 Tempt not my soul away;  
Jesus is mine:  
Here would I ever stay;  
Jesus is mine:  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away;  
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;  
Jesus is mine:  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine:  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied;  
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;  
Jesus is mine:  
Welcome, eternity;  
Jesus is mine:  
Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
Jesus is mine.

216. ENDSLEIGH. 7, 6.

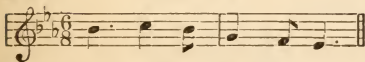


1 Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings:  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing on His wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

215. HOPE. 6, 4.

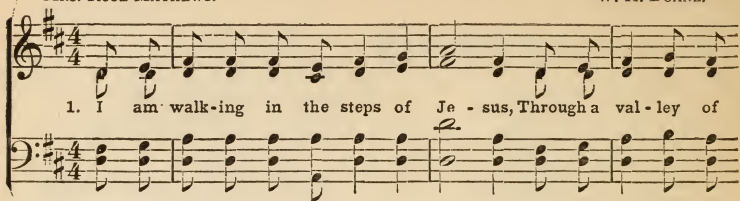


1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy;  
Jesus is mine:  
Break every tender tie;  
Jesus is mine:  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting-place,  
Jesus alone can bless;  
Jesus is mine.

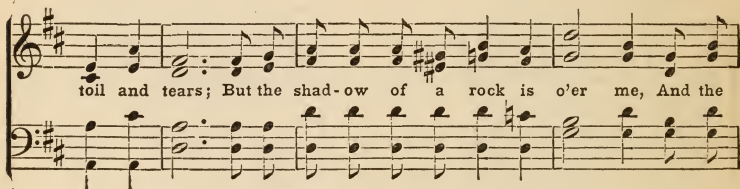
*"We will walk in his paths."*—Micah. 4. 2.

MRS. ROSE MATHEWS.

W. H. DOANE.



1. I am walk-ing in the steps of Je - sus, Through a val - ley of

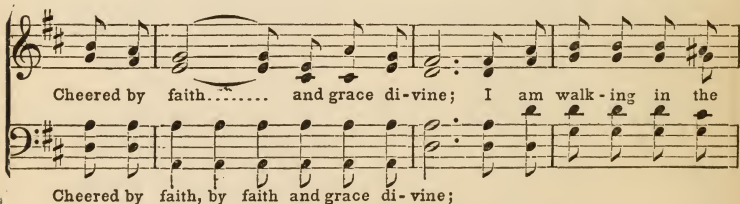


toil and tears; But the shad-ow of a rock is o'er me, And the

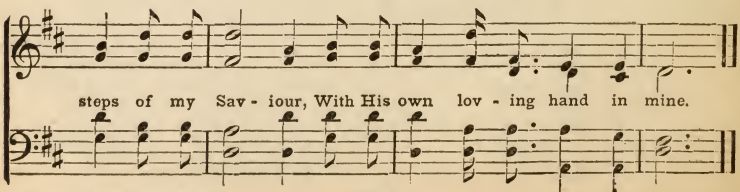
REFRAIN.



bow in the cloud ap-pears. I am walk - - ing, I am walk - ing,  
I am walking onward, I am walking on,



Cheered by faith..... and grace di-vine; I am walk-ing in the  
Cheered by faith, by faith and grace di-vine;



steps of my Sav - iour, With His own lov - ing hand in mine.

# WALKING IN THE STEPS OF JESUS. Concluded.

2 I am walking with my face toward Zion,  
To the hill of the Lord my King;  
And the gleaming of its golden sunlight  
Makes my heart in its joy to sing. *Ref.*

3 I am walking in the steps of Jesus,  
At the cross I have left my care;  
I am waiting for my robe, and watching  
For the crown that I soon shall wear. *Ref.*

218

## O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb 12, 2.

D. K.

R. LOWRY.

1. O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore. Look up un - to

Je - sus, and sor - row no more; The light of His coun-te-nance

shin - eth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;  
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;  
I know that His presence my safeguard will be,  
For, "Why are you troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,  
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;  
They bear me away in His presence to be;  
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;  
Shall know how His love went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

*"In full assurance of faith."*—Heb. 10: 22.

J. WESLEY GRIFFIN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To Thy dear cross, O Lord, I flee, I dare not

lift mine eyes to Thee; But Thou hast said Thy

grace is free; And now by faith I come, I come.

2 On Thee my load of guilt was laid,  
Thy blood my debt of sin has paid;  
A full atonement Thou hast made;  
And now by faith I come, I come.

3 O save me, Lord, 'tis this I need,  
Thy pardoning love in tears I plead;  
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed;  
And now by faith I come, I come.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 220.

RETREAT. L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray;  
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;

If guilt deject, if sin distress;  
In every case, still watch and pray.

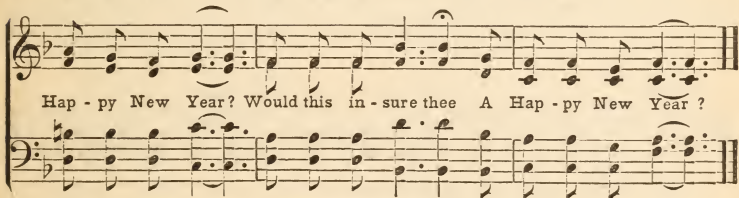
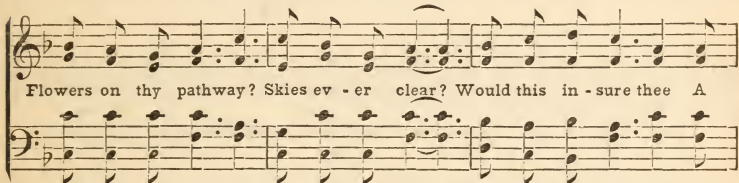
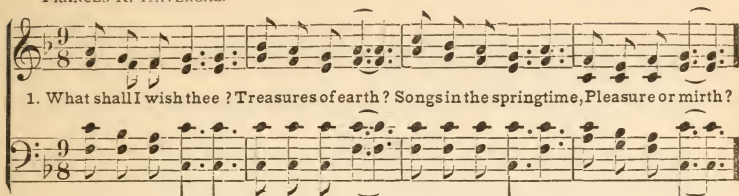
3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's  
weak, [flame;  
Though thought be broken, language  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; His merits must prevail:  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

*"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Ps. 65 : 11.*

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. LOWRY.



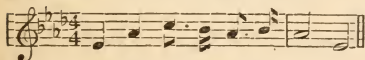
Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

2 What shall I wish thee?

What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall insure thee  
A Happy New Year?

3 Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright;  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear,—  
These shall insure thee  
A Happy New Year.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8, 7.



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you;  
Take it, then, where'er you go.  
Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;

If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

"Very early in the morning, the first day of the week."—Mark 16: 2.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Sweet are the bells of the morning chiming, Sweet the hour of prayer and song;

Join, chil-dren, join in the songs of gladness, Praises sweet to God be-long;

CHORUS.

Hark! how the an-gel choirs are singing, singing, Shining hosts their strains prolong;

Join, children, join in the songs of gladness, Praises sweet to God be-long.

2 Fair are the flowers in the spring time blossoming;	3 Sweet are the bells of the morning chiming;
God hath spread their beauty there;	Voices mingling with the strain
Sweeter by far is the love of Jesus,	Tell how the Lord, in the bright, glad
While we seek His face in prayer. <i>Cho.</i>	morning,
	Rose from death, in heaven to reign. <i>Cho.</i>

**224.** ONE MORE DAY'S WORK. 7, 6, 5, 4.



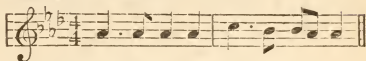
1 One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me!  
But heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer  
Than yesterday, to me;  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.  
One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,  
Where Christ's flock enter in!  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!  
One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

3 O blessed work for Jesus!  
O rest at Jesus' feet!  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for Him is sweet;  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day!  
One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, His saving power.

**226.** DISCIPLE. 8, 7, D.

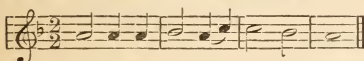


1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

**225.** FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

**227.** Tune—DISCIPLE. 8, 7, D.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear:  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there:  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise,

*"I will sing and give praise with my glory."—Ps. 108: 1.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I'll sing a - loud the grace di - vine That sought a wand'ring soul like mine;

I'll shout for joy His wondrous power, Who saves and keeps me ev - ery hour.

## REFRAIN.

I will praise Him, praise Him, Glo - ry to Je - sus my Lord; Sal -

I will praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,

va - tion is free, sal - va - tion is free, His blood once offered has atoned for me.

2 He saves me now from guilt and sin,  
From foes without and fears within;  
He keeps my feet from every snare,  
And with my heart communes in prayer.

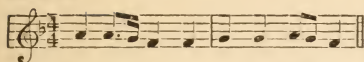
3 With Him I walk in peace and light,  
My life is calm, my way is bright;

In Him my trusting faith confides,  
In Him my perfect love abides.

4 O when my raptured soul shall rise  
To see and praise Him in the skies,  
Still, still my song in Heaven shall be  
The grace, the love, that ransomed me,

229.

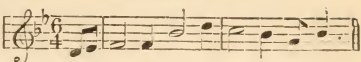
GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.



- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through this gloomy vale of tears;  
And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
O refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

231.

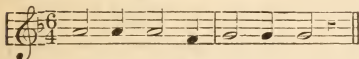
MAITLAND. C. M.



- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

230.

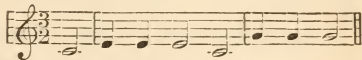
MARTYN. 7, D.



- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

232.

GANGES. C. P. M.



- 1 Come on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears.  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before His face appear,  
And by His side sit down;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

## 233.

## CLOSER, CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.

*"And the light shineth in darkness."—John 1:5.*

MRS. CHARLOTTE B. MERRITT.

R. LOWRY.

1. Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee, While the tempest rag - es wild;

Through the darkness of the storm, Take Thy sad and sin - ful child.

## REFRAIN.

Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee, Till Thy face in heaven I see.

2 Lead me on to glorious light,  
Where the clouds all melt away;  
Where the ever constant sun  
Makes and keeps a perfect day. *Ref.*

3 O Thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Shining with thy perfect ray,  
Lead me on through paths of peace,  
To the never-ending day. *Ref.*

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 234.

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE OUT.

*"Let your light so shine before men."—Matt. 5:16.*

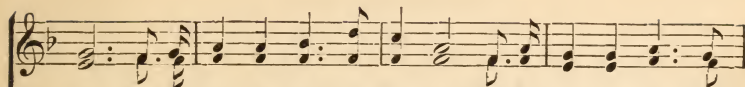
EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. H. DOANE.

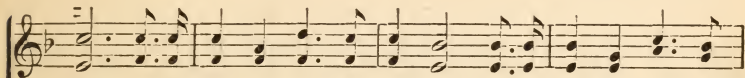
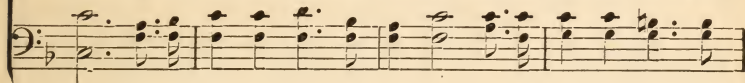
1. Let your light shine out, my brother, That the world may see its

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

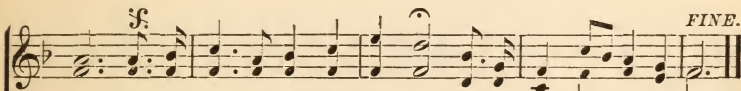
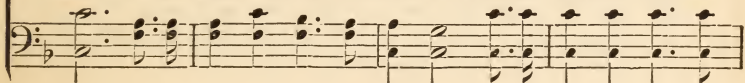
# LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE OUT. Concluded.



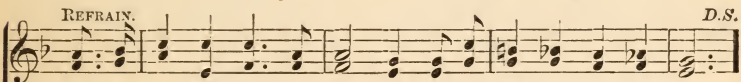
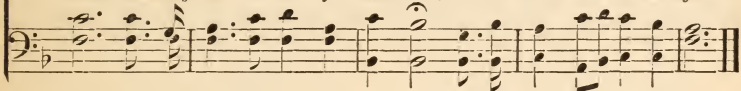
ray, Flashing thro' the clouds and shadows Gathered round our homeward



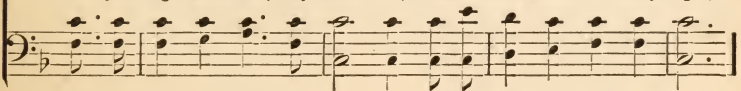
way; Let it shine out clear and stead - y, Thro' the dark and storm - y



night, On the path that leads us homeward, Oth-er souls to guide a - right.  
D. S.—Guid-ing oth-ers out of dark-ness, In-to God's e - ter-nal light.



Let your light shine out, my broth - er, Thro' earth's wild and dreary night,



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Let your light shine out, my brother,<br/>Like a beacon o'er the wave;<br/>It may guide a storm-tossed sailor<br/>To the Life boat that will save;<br/>Though his hand the oar is dropping,<br/>And his strength is waning fast,<br/>He may rouse to new endeavour,<br/>He may reach the port at last. <i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>3 Let your light shine out, my brother,<br/>Like the morn in yonder sky;<br/>Let the world behold its brightness,<br/>And your Father glorify;<br/>Keep it burning. God commands you,<br/>Keep it burning while you live;<br/>For you cannot tell, my brother,<br/>Half the joy its beams may give. <i>Ref.</i></p> |
|---|--|

*"The morning cometh."*—Isa. 21: 12.

E. A. T.

MRS. EMMA A. TOMPKINS.

1. I am look-ing toward the east for the com-ing of the morning—

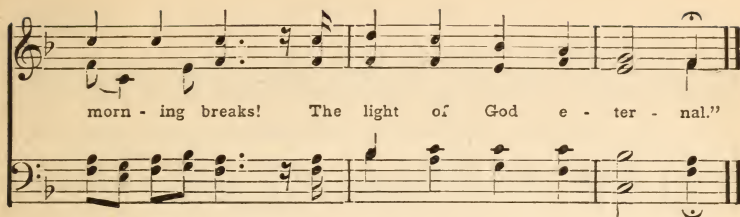
That new light ne'er seen on sea or on the land; If you're

gaz-ing when its beams the gray heav'ns are just a-dorn-ing, Shout, "The

REFRAIN.  
morning breaks! night flees at His command!" Turn your faces toward the east,

watch for light su-per-nal; When it dawns, shout, "The morning breaks! the

# THE DAWN OF DAY. Concluded.

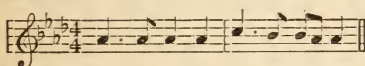


2 Dark the night of unbelief, with no ray of hope to guide me,  
 But 'tis passing, surely passing quite away;  
 And I catch a gleam of light showing Jesus is beside me;  
 Soon I know 'twill broaden into perfect day. *Ref.*

3 It is light about us, friends; clear and bright the sun is beaming;  
 See the smile of God illuminating earth;  
 It is shining now within, while with joy our hearts are teeming:  
 They alone who feel its power can know its worth. *Ref.*

236.

DISCIPLE. 8, 7. D.



1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures,  
 Mixed with dross the purest gold;  
 Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,  
 Treasures never waxing old.  
 Let our best affections center  
 On the things around the throne:  
 There no thief can ever enter;  
 Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys can never please us;  
 Here would we renounce them all;  
 Seek our only rest in Jesus,  
 Him our Lord and Master call.  
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
 Points to brighter worlds above,  
 Bids us look for His appearing,  
 Bids us triumph in His love.

3 May our light be always burning,  
 And our loins be girded round,  
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
 Longing for the welcome sound.  
 Thus the Christian life adorning,  
 Never need we be afraid,  
 Should He come at night or morning,  
 Early dawn, or evening shade.

237.

JEWETT. 6. D.



1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 O may Thy will be mine;  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign.  
 Through sorrow or through joy,  
 Conduct me as Thine own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee.  
 Straight to my home above,  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

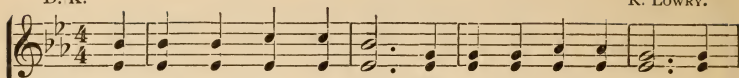
## 238.

## I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

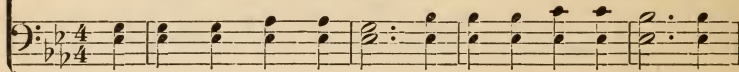
D. K.

*"They are white already to harvest."*—John 4: 35.

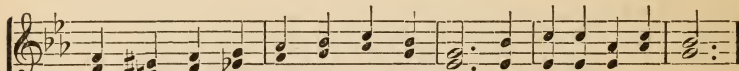
R. LOWRY.



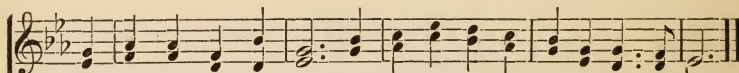
1. I dare not i - dle stand, When here, on ev - ery hand, The



whitening fields pro-claim the har - vest near; A gleaner I would be,



To gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest I at last with empty hands ap-pear.



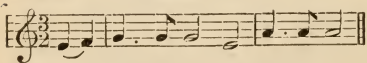
2 I dare not idle stand,  
While over all the land  
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine;  
Brighter than brightest gem  
In monarch's diadem  
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

3 I dare not idle stand,  
But, at my Lord's command,  
Labor for Him throughout my life's short day;  
Evening will come at last,  
Day's labor all be past,  
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 239.

HEBER. C. M.



1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,

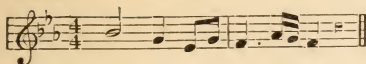
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 240.

JEWETT. 6.



1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand ;  
Choose out the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

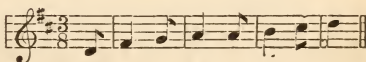
2 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

3 "When through fiery trials thy path-  
way shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-  
ply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-  
sign  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
refine.

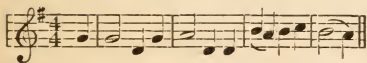
4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
or to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

## 242. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of  
prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes known !  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

## 241. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent  
word!  
What more can He say than to you He  
hath said,  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not  
dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee  
aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

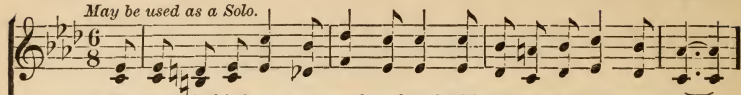
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of  
prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of  
prayer,  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight :  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize ;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

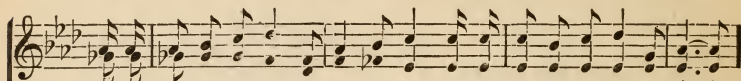
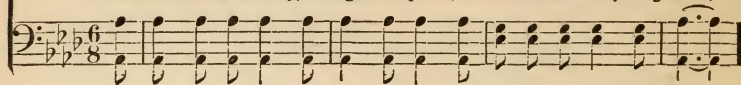
*"Come, take up thy cross, and follow me."—Mark 10: 21*

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

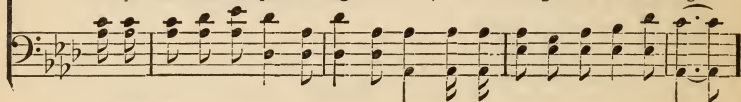
W. H. DOANE.

*May be used as a Solo.*

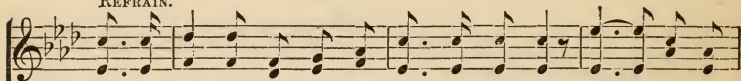
1. He came in his beauty, strength and pride; No stain on his fair young brow;



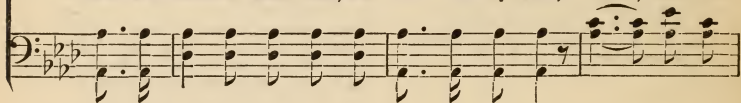
In a life that was pure from guile as this, Was there aught that was lacking now?



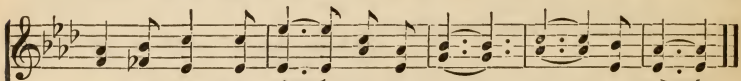
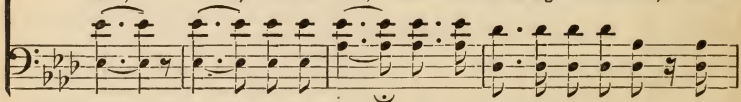
REFRAIN.



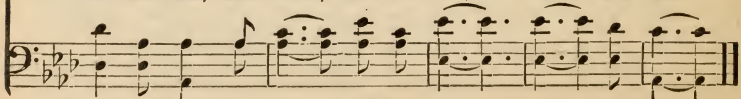
But the Saviour loved him, and tenderly said, Come, follow



me, Come, follow me; There is one thing thou lackest, leave



all thou hast, And come, follow me, follow me.



# ONE THING THOU LACKEST. Concluded.

2 He turned from the Saviour's gracious call,  
Though sad, unrepentant, still;  
He had worshiped his glittering heap of gold,  
And he loved not the Master's will. *Ref.*

3 O fair was the grace that marked his life,  
But cold was his heart within;  
For he knew not the joy and calm repose  
Of a soul that was cleansed from sin. *Ref.*

4 O had he obeyed that Saviour's voice,  
What joy and what bliss untold;  
But he cast from his hands that priceless crown,  
For the world and its shining gold. *Ref.*

## 244.

## LIGHT OF LIGHT.

*"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."*—1 John 1: 5.

Tr. CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

R. LOWRY.

1. Light of light, en - lighten me, Now a - new the day is dawning;

Sun of grace, the shadows flee, Brighten Thou the sabbath morning;

With Thy joy - ous sunshine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.

2 Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee upspringing,  
Have a blessed foretaste given,  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

3 Hence, all care, all vanity,  
For the day to God is holy;  
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly;  
Naught to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

*"O come, let us worship."*—Ps. 95. 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, let us a-dore Him, the boun-ti-ful giv-er, Who mak-eth His

bles-sings like dew drops to fall; Come, let us a-dore Him, and crown Him with

D. S. O tell of His greatness, His won-der-ful

REFRAIN.

hon-or, The Son of the Highest, the Saviour of all. Come, let us a-

great-ness, Cre-a-tor, Re-deem-er, and Sav-iour of all.

D. S.

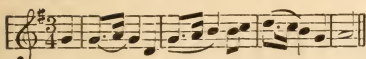
adore Him, and worship before Him, In songs of de-votion His mercy re-call;

2 Come, let us adore Him, the gentle Protector,  
 So tenderly guarding our pathway below;  
 How sweet to remember His love like a banner  
 Is over the righteous wherever they go. *Ref.*

3 Come, let us adore Him, His truth is eternal,  
 His word is the anchor where firmly we trust;  
 To Him be the glory for ever and ever,  
 Our Blessed Redeemer, the faithful and just. *Ref.*

246.

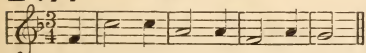
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,  
His name to glorify;  
And promise, in this sacred hour,  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make  
Be ever kept in mind;  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast His words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off His fear  
Who hears our solemn vow;  
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,  
Come down, and meet us now.

247.

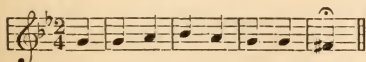
MEAR. C. M.



- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home!

248.

WINDSOR. C. M.



- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.

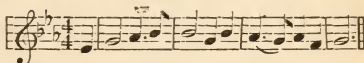
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear!  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here.

- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,—  
To all I speak or do.

- 5 If now Thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel Thee near;  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at Thy bar appear.

249.

THE SAINTS' HOME. 11.



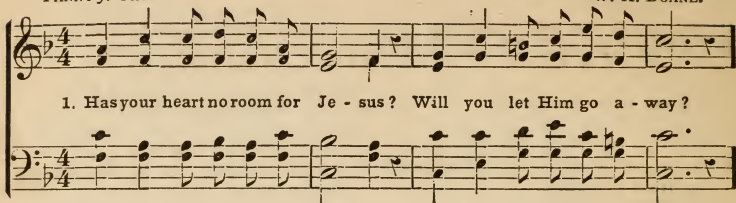
- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature  
complaints,  
How sweet to the soul is communion with  
saints!  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my  
home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children  
of peace!  
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love  
cannot cease,  
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness  
I roam,  
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I  
stay,  
O give me submission, and strength as  
my day;  
In all my afflictions to Thee would I  
come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4 What'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy  
grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of  
Thy face;  
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy  
throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of  
home.

# 250. HAS YOUR HEART NO ROOM FOR JESUS?

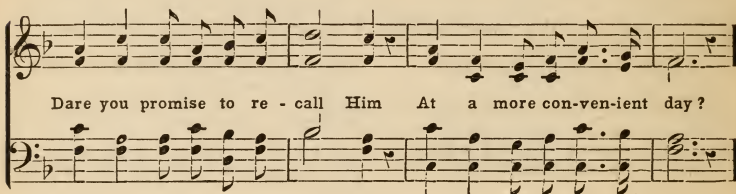
"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10 : 49.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

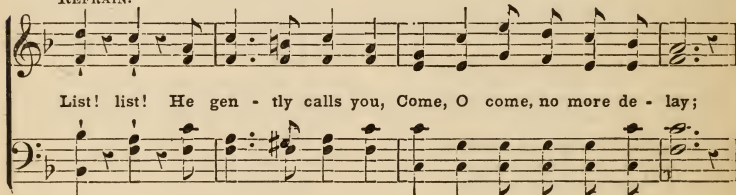


1. Has your heart no room for Je - sus? Will you let Him go a - way?

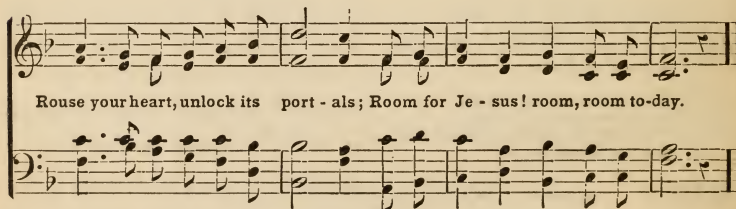


Dare you promise to re - call Him At a more con-ven-ient day?

## REFRAIN.



List! list! He gen - tly calls you, Come, O come, no more de - lay;



Rouse your heart, unlock its port - als; Room for Je - sus! room, room to-day.

- 2 Have your thoughts no room for Jesus? Came on earth and paid your ransom.  
Have the world's delusive toys, Shed His blood your soul to save? *Ref.*
- 3 All your time, your care, possessing,  
Left no place for purer joys? *Ref.*
- 4 Room for every one but Jesus?  
Shall His work on you be lost?  
Ere you quite reject His mercy.  
Stop, O stop, and count the cost. *Ref.*
- 5 Has your love no room for Jesus,  
When for you His life He gave,

"A land flowing with milk and honey."—Ex. 3 : 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. We jour-ney through a wil-der-ness Of ma-ny toils and dan-gers,

Where, like our fa-thers in the past, We pil-grims are, and strangers.

CHORUS.

O land a-bove, a land of love, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing!

Its vis-ions bright our souls de-light. And there we now are go-ing.

2 Our glorious Leader makes a cloud  
By day to go before us.  
And with the night our eyes behold  
A fiery pillar o'er us. *Cho.*

3 The early morn its goodly store  
Of mauna still is bringing,

While cooling streams to quench our  
thirst,

From out a Rock are springing. *Cho.*

4 O soon Jehovah's voice divine  
Old Jordan's waves will sever;

His hand will lead us safely o'er.  
To dwell with Him forever. *Cho.*

*"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly."*—Matt. 11: 27.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, learn of the meek and low - ly, Come, sit at the Master's feet;  
*Ref.—Then learn of the meek and low - ly, Come, sit at the Master's feet;*

*FINE.*  
 No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet,  
 No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.

His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A balm to the wounded breast;

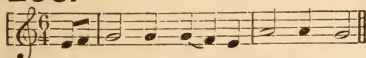
*D. C. for Refrain.*  
 He mak - eth our bur - den light - er, And giv - eth His chil-dren rest.

2 O if we were more like Jesus,  
 And more from the world apart,  
 Communing with Him in spirit,  
 And nearer to Him in heart,—  
 We should not complain so sadly,  
 When trouble and care we meet,  
 But carry at once our sorrows,  
 And lay them at Jesus' feet. *Ref.*

3 He wept o'er the holy city.  
 He wept o'er a loved one dead;  
 He knoweth our every trial,  
 And seeth the tears we shed';  
 O live that our souls may enter  
 His Kingdom with joy complete;  
 And there, through eternal ages,  
 We'll sit at the Master's feet. *Ref.*

253.

RETREAT. L. M.



1 What various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud  
withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.

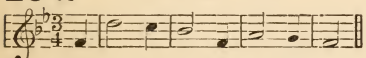
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor  
bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly  
spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

254.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.



1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

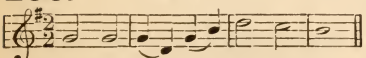
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,  
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

255.

HENDON. 7.



1 They who seek the throne of grace,  
Find that throne in every place;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present every-where.

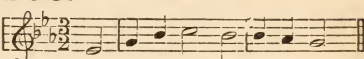
2 In our sickness or our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present every-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;  
God is present every-where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer;  
God is present every-where.

256.

DOWNES. C. M.



1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

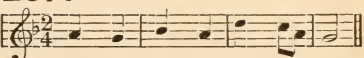
2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

257.

SEYMOUR. 7.



1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself invites thee near,  
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

*"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2. 20.*

MRS. CLARA M. WILSON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle, lit - tle friend, How I love Him, love Him ;

All I want His gen - tle hand will send, Be - cause He loves me too.

## REFRAIN.

To His fold how ten - der - ly He guides me, In His arms He shelters now and

hides me ; I will be His lit - tle friend for - ev - er, Je - sus loves me too.

2 I am happy, happy all the day,  
How I love Him, love Him ;  
Jesus watches, watches o'er my way,  
And Jesus loves me too. *Ref.*

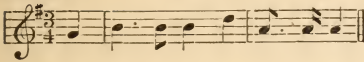
3 I am singing everywhere I go,  
How I love Him, love Him ,

He will always care for me I know,  
Because He loves me too. *Ref.*

4 In His house are many mansions fair,  
How I love Him, love Him ;  
He has told me I may enter there,  
Because He loves me too. *Ref.*

259.

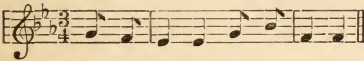
WOODSTOCK. C. M.



- 1 Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.
- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I Thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in Thee.

260.

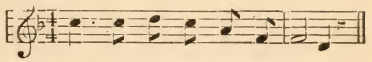
NETTLETON. 8, 7, D.



- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

261.

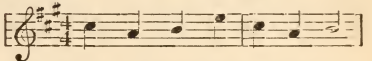
WHAT A FRIEND. 8, 7, D.



- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

262.

NUREMBURG. 7.



- 1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As we journey let us sing:  
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8: 32.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. A { brighter day is breaking, The na - tions are a - waking, A  
voice of God has spok - en, The chains of sin are bro - ken, And

1st. ho - ly light is creeping o'er the land and o'er the sea; The }  
(Omit.....) by the Truth of

2nd.

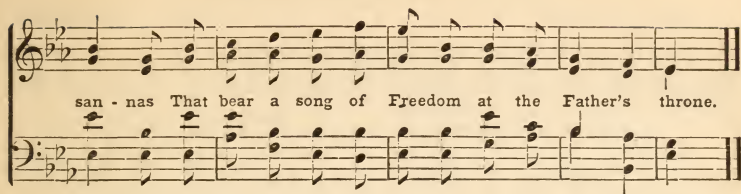
CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry the soul is free. Shout Hal - le - lu - jah! the day is breaking

o'er us! For Vic - to - ry and Lib - er - ty we sing to God a

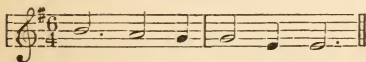
cho - rus, Un - til we lift our ban - ners a - mid the loud ho -

# CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG. Concluded.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Where'er the captive quivers,<br/>The word of grace delivers<br/>The struggling soul of childhood and the<br/>heavy heart of age:<br/>To every glad believer,<br/>Escaped the dread Deceiver,<br/>The song of full redemption quenches<br/>Satan's rage. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3 O mighty Intercessor,<br/>Defeat the great Oppressor,<br/>Till from the trodden spirit every tyrant<br/>shall be hurled;<br/>And, every fetter riven,<br/>Beneath the light of heaven,<br/>The flag of Gospel Freedom covers all<br/>the world. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|

## 264. BETHANY. 6, 4.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

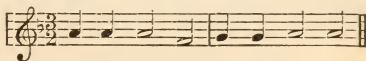
2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

## 265. TALMAR. 8, 7.



1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in His gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow,  
With my Saviour will I stay;  
Here new hope and strength will borrow,  
Here will love my fears away.

"The glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. 21: 23.

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

R. LOWRY.

1. The Glo - ry Land where Je - sus reigns Is fair - er than the day,

And ser - aphs roam its flow - ery banks Where liv - ing wa - ters play.

REFRAIN.

The Glo - - ry Land,..... The Glo - ry Land I see;

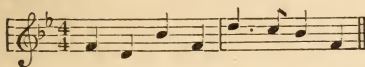
The Glo - ry Land, the Glo - ry Land,

And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, There is a home for me,

2 The Glory Land, the Glory Land,  
Beside the crystal sea,  
Where angels sing, and Christ is King,  
Who died on Calvary. *Ref.*

3 The Glory Land, what sweeter thought  
To weary pilgrims given,  
Who see beyond the gloomy way  
The Glory Land of heaven? *Ref.*

267. REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 4.



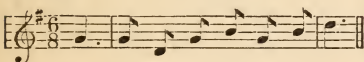
1 O Thou God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin;  
Moved by Thy divine compassion,  
Who hast died my heart to win,  
I will praise Thee;  
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He hath brought salvation near;  
Manifests His pardoning favor;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and body  
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,  
"Glory to the great I AM,"  
I with them will still be vying—  
Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
O how precious  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng;  
Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
Glad to join the holy song:  
Hallelujah,  
Love and praise to Christ belong!

268. CONTRAST. 8.



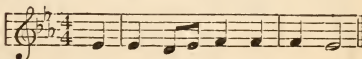
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice;  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While blest with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me to Thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

269. ST. HILDA. 7, 6.



1 I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load:  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fullness dwells in Him;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my guilt on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child:  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
And learn the angels' song.

*"Be of the same mind one toward another."*—Rom. 12: 16.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Where the cloud of glo-ry, rest-ing, Covers now the mer-cy seat,

Where its light so oft has cheered us, At a throne of grace we meet.

## REFRAIN.

All our world - - ly cares for - get - ing, On the wings...

All our worldly care for - get - ing now, On the wings of faith,

of faith we soar, Where the heart..... is nev - er

of faith we soar, Where the heart, the heart is nev - er

wea - ry, Where the shad - - ows come no more.

wea - ry then, Where the shadows come no more, no more.

# SWEET COMMUNION. Concluded.

2 Welcome, hour of sweet communion  
With the Lord, by grace divine,  
We His perfect love possessing.  
We the branches, He the vine. *Ref.*

3 Here our thoughts and wishes mingle,  
Here our prayers we breathe as one;

Sweet communion, joy unbounded,  
Joy of heaven on earth begun. *Ref.*

4 Cloud of glory, go not from us,  
Cover still the mercy seat,  
Till, with all the ransomed army,  
One in Christ our souls shall meet. *Ref.*

271

## WORD DIVINE.

"The word of God is not bound."—2 Tim. 2: 9.

Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

R. LOWRY.

1. Spread, O spread, thou might-y word, Spread the kingdom of the Lord,

Where-so - e'er His breath hath given Life to be - ings meant for heaven.

REFRAIN.

Fly a-broad, thou word di - vine, O'er a world of dark - ness shine.

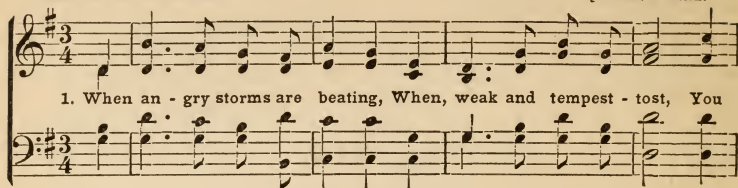
2 Word of life, most pure and strong,  
Lo, for thee the nations long:  
Spread, till from its dreary night  
All the world awakes to light. *Ref.*

3 Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee;  
Let the nations, far and near,  
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear. *Ref.*

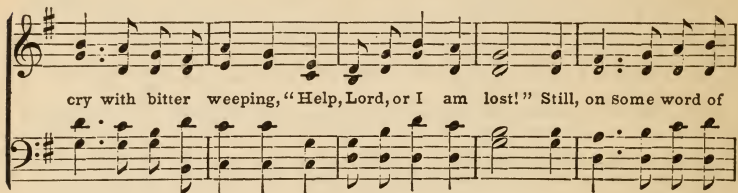
"Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14: 1.

MRS. E. M. H. GATES.

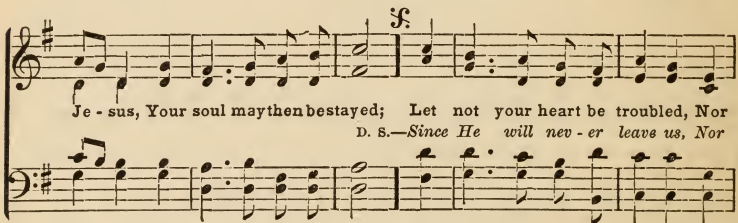
W. H. DOANE.



1. When an - gry storms are beating, When, weak and tempest - tost, You



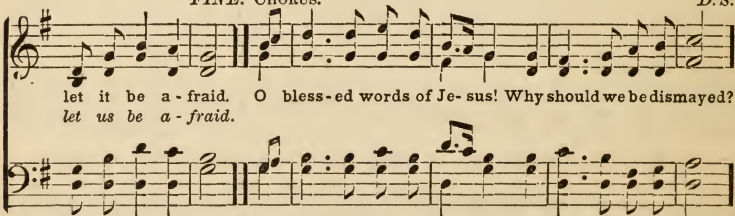
cry with bitter weeping, "Help, Lord, or I am lost!" Still, on some word of



Je - sus, Your soul may then be stayed; Let not your heart be troubled, Nor  
D. S.—Since He will nev - er leave us, Nor

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

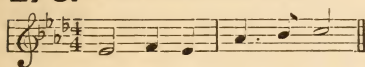


let it be a - fraid. O bless - ed words of Je - sus! Why should we be dismayed?  
let us be a - fraid.

[2 Should dearest hopes be floating  
Like drift-wood on the sea,  
Each treasure worth the keeping  
Shall yet come back to thee;  
Thy God is watching o'er thee,  
Go forward undismayed;  
Let not your heart be troubled,  
Nor let it be afraid. *Cho.*

3 When care and grief oppress you,  
When sore temptations try,  
And when no star of promise  
Breaks through the clouded sky,—  
Remembering how the Saviour  
For all His children prayed,  
Let not your heart be troubled,  
Nor let it be afraid. *Cho.*

273. MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6.

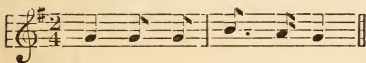


1 More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

274. NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine;  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

275. SUPPLICATION. S. M.



1 The praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize;  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

276. BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Come at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray:  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O it is sweet to say,  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray."

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

*"Learn of me."*—Matt. 11: 29.

R. LOWRY.

1. No one can tell what the heart may share, Learning of Je - sus in

work and prayer; Praying and working for Je - sus still, Sweeter and

## CHORUS.

sweeter shall be His will. Nothing so sweet on earth be - low,

Nothing where heavenly pleas - ures grow; Sweeter than wa - ters of

E - den flow, - Learn - ing ev - er - more of Je - - sus.

# LEARNING OF JESUS. Concluded.

2 Where could I gather such pearls of joy?  
Earth with its pleasures my soul would cloy;  
Learning of Jesus to live or die,  
Hung'ring and thirsting, to Him I fly. *Cho.*

3 Learning of Jesus I e'er would be,  
More of His beauty my soul would see;  
Wonderful light in my heart to shine,  
Glorious things in His word divine. *Cho.*

## 278.

### ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY.

1. One hour with Thee, my Saviour, One pre - cious hour with Thee,

One hour of hid - ing 'neath the wings Outstretched to shel - ter me.

#### REFRAIN.

One hour with Thee, Dear Lord, one hour with Thee!

2 One hour with Thee, my Saviour,  
One hour with Thee alone;  
It calms me in the midst of strife,  
And melts my heart of stone. *Ref.*

3 One hour with Thee, my Saviour,  
When, kneeling at the cross,

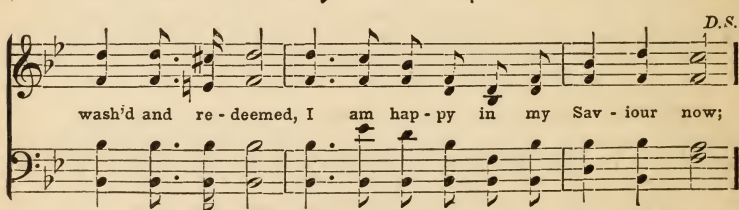
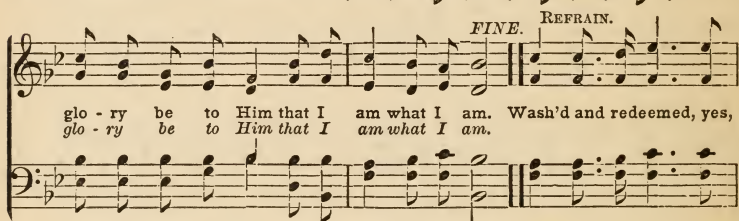
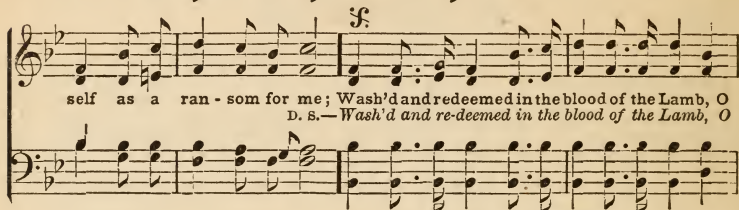
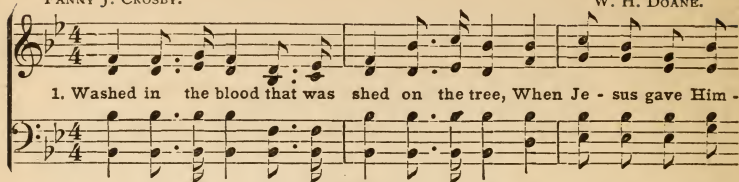
I bring my doubts, my hopes and fears,  
My earthly gain and loss. *Ref.*

4 One hour with Thee, my Saviour,  
One solemn, sacred hour;  
O grant me, Lord, the healing touch,  
Thy presence and Thy power. *Ref.*

*"Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."*—Rev. 5: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



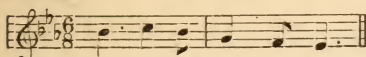
2 Washed and redeemed, this assurance of mine  
Is witnessed in my heart by His Spirit Divine;  
Sealed by His grace, and through faith I receive  
The blessing He bestows on the souls that believe. *Ref.*

3 Washed in His blood that from sin can restore,  
I give myself away to be His evermore;  
Washed and redeemed, I rejoice while I sing,  
O glory be to Him, my Redeemer and King. *Ref.*

4 Washed and redeemed—O the depth of His love,  
To care for such as I and His mercy to prove;  
Washed and redeemed let my song ever be,  
O glory be to Him for His mercy to me. *Ref.*

280.

HOPE. 6, 4.



1 Saviour, who died for me,  
I give myself to Thee;  
Thy love, so full, so free,  
Claims all my powers;  
Be this my purpose high,  
To serve Thee till I die,  
Whether my path shall lie  
'Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;  
Thy gracious aid I seek,  
For Thou the word must speak,  
That makes me strong;  
Then let me hear Thy voice  
Thou art my only choice;  
O bid my heart rejoice,  
Be Thou my song.

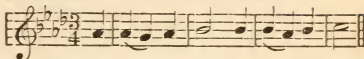
3 Saviour, with me abide;  
Be ever near my side;  
Support, defend, and guide;  
I look to Thee;  
I lay my hand in Thine,  
And fleeting joys resign,  
If I may call Thee mine  
Eternally.

And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!

282.

ARMENIA. C. M.



1 Try us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

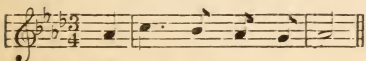
3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

4 Up into Thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

5 Then, when the mighty work is  
Receive Thy ready bride: [wrought,  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

281.

I NEED THEE. 6, 4, 7.



1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord:  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

CHO.—I need Thee, O I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee!

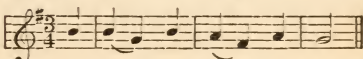
2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by:  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;

283.

DENNIS. S. M.



1 Blest are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one:  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

*"I have found a ransom."—Job 33: 24.*

EDWARD A. BARNES.

R. LOWRY.

1. From the wilds of sin, from its per - ils too, From the creature old to the

creature new, What a song is mine with its theme divine—"I have found a ransom!"

## REFRAIN.

I have found a ransom, Hal - le - lu-jah! I have found a ransom, Hal - le -

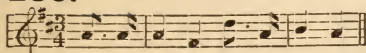
lu - jah! What a hope divine has this song of mine—"I have found a ransom!"

2 From the gloomy night to the welcome day,  
 From the downward path to the upward way,  
 What a song of joy does my tongue employ—  
 "I have found a ransom!" *Ref.*

3 To a crown of life with my Lord and King,  
 To a glorious home where the blessed sing,  
 What a hope divine has this song of mine—  
 "I have found a ransom!" *Ref.*

285.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.



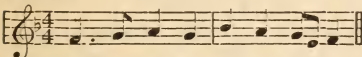
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine:  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee;  
Thou art precious in His sight:  
God is with thee.  
God, thine everlasting light.

286.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7, D.



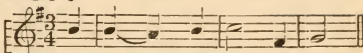
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near!  
He who gives us daily manna,  
He who listens when we cry,  
Let Him hear the loud hosanna  
Rising to His throne on high.

287.

AMANTUS. S. M.



1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode.  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

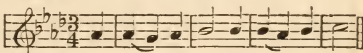
3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

288.

ARMENIA. C. M.



1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by His grace,  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek His face.

2 The gift which He on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove;  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.

3 E'en now we think and speak the same,  
And cordially agree,  
United all, through Jesus' name,  
In perfect harmony.

4 We'll all partake the joy of one;  
The common peace we feel;  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.

5 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What height of rapture shall we know  
When round His throne we meet!

## WE ARE TENTING TO-DAY.

*"Where the cloud abode they pitched their tents."—Num. 9: 17.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We are tent - ing to - day where for years we have met, With the

sword of the Lord in our hand; With our faith-beaming eyes looking

up thro' the skies, To our home in Imman - u - el's land. Tenting to - day,

tent - ing to - day, Like an ar - my u - nit - ed we stand; With our

faith-beaming eyes looking up thro' the skies, To our home in Immanuel's land.

# WE ARE TENTING TO-DAY. Concluded.

- 2 Hallelujah and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
We can shout in the fullness of love;  
There is joy in our hearts, there is joy in our songs,  
As they rise from our camp in the grove, *Ref.*
- 3 We are tenting to-day where for years we have met,  
And we feel it is good to be here;  
For a light we behold from the city of gold,  
And we know its bright mansions are near. *Ref.*
- 4 We are tenting to-day, and by grace we can say,  
We will follow the Master's command,  
Till the Jordan is passed, and we gather at last  
To our rest in Immanuel's land. *Ref.*

290.

## DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME.

*"Hear me when I call."*—Ps. 4 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Saviour, bless a lit - tle child; Teach my heart the way to Thee; Make it gentle,

CHORUS.

good, and mild; Lov - ing Saviour, care for me. Dear Je - sus, hear me,

Hear Thy lit - tle child to - day; Hear, O hear me, Hear me when I pray.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said,  
All who will may come to Thee;  
Feed my soul with living Bread;  
Loving Saviour, care for me. *Cho.*

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;  
Let me put my trust in Thee;

Teach me how and what to speak;  
Loving Saviour, care for me. *Cho.*

4 I would never go astray,  
Never turn aside from Thee;  
Keep me in the heavenly way;  
Loving Saviour, care for me. *Cho.*

## 291.

## MORE TRUST IN THEE.

*"Increase our faith."*—Luke 17 : 5.

E. J. N.

R. LOWRY.

1. More trust in Thee, my Lord, More trust in Thee; O let Thy  
pre-cious word Bring joy to me; The way I can-not see;  
More trust I ask in Thee, More trust in Thee, More trust in Thee.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

2 Then in the dark I'll go,  
My hand in Thine,  
Heeding not pain or woe,  
So Thou art mine;  
In love Thou leadest me;  
More trust, dear Lord, in Thee.

3 Soon past this desert drear  
My way will lead  
To those green pastures near,  
Where Thy sheep feed;  
Until the shadows flee,  
More trust, my Lord, in Thee.

## 292.

## PLEADING FOR THEE.

*"Christ died for our sins."*—1 Cor. 15 : 3.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly that gar-den of prayer, For thee was that

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

# PLEADING FOR THEE. Concluded.

sor-row He bowed Him to bear; While bleeding, and dying, and pierced by His

CHORUS.

foes, Thy Sav-iour still loved thee, and thought of thy woes. O hear Him now

pleading, while nailed to the tree, I have loved thee, I have loved thee, I am

dy-ing for thee; I have loved thee, I have loved thee, I am dy-ing for thee.

2 O sun in thy brightness. veil, veil thy sad face;  
 Ye angels, breathe softly, such wonders to trace;  
 He gave up His life that our life might be won;  
 What more could He do that His love hath not done? *Cho.*

3 O soul, 'neath thy burden, look, look unto Him;  
 Behold all this anguish thy life to redeem;  
 For thee now thy Saviour is pleading alone:  
 Such woe and such sorrow, no, never were known. *Cho.*

*"And everything shall live whither the river cometh."*—Ezek. 47: 9.

REV. J. B. MULFORD.

R. LOWRY.

1. O blessed crys - tal riv - er, Sweet stream of life di - vine,

Ex - alt - ed is thy fount - ain A - bove the stars that shine;

Forth from the throne e - ter - nal, In pure and spark - ling flow,

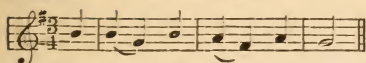
It gush - es soft and ver - nal, To spread de - light be - low.

2 Flow on, thou mighty river,  
 Blest stream of radiant worth;  
 Roll thou thy healing waters  
 Throughout the length of earth;  
 Till every clime and people  
 With joy thy waves behold,  
 Till thorns are changed to roses,  
 And dross is turned to gold.

3 Then in the glad hereafter,  
 When time no more shall be,  
 The kingdom of Messiah  
 Shall stretch from sea to sea;  
 When nations pure and holy,  
 In bright and happy ranks,  
 Shall walk with Christ their Saviour  
 Beside the river's banks.

294.

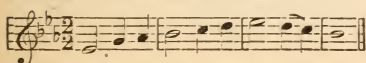
DENNIS. S. M.



- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

295.

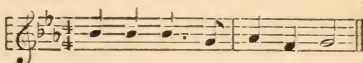
DUKE STREET. L. M.



- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at His feet;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend His word.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

296.

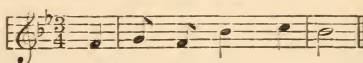
ONIDO. 7. D.



- 1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the saints below,  
Hear us, who Thy nature share,  
Who Thy mystic body are:  
Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of Thine;  
Still for more on Thee we call,  
Thou who fillest all in all.
- 2 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy;  
Kindly for each other care;  
Every member feel its share:  
Many are we now, and one,  
We who Jesus have put on;  
Names, and sects, and parties fall:  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

297.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

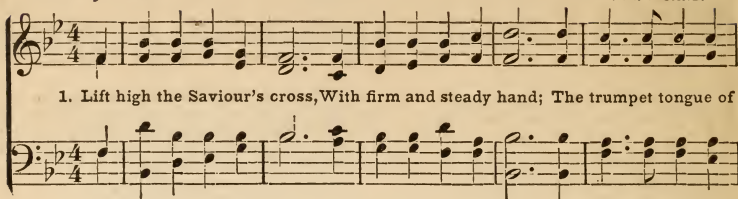


- 1 And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For His redeeming grace:  
Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in His sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we passed,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!  
But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love:  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast  
Of His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:  
Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

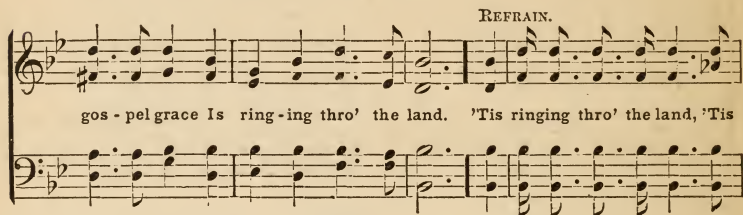
*"Jesus Christ and him crucified."*—1 Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

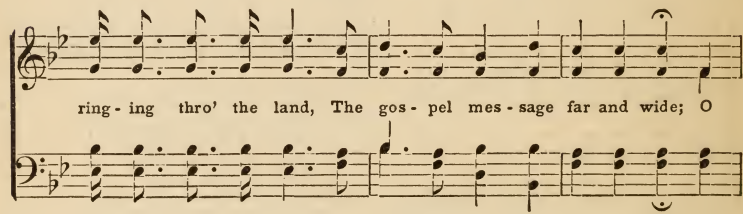


1. Lift high the Saviour's cross, With firm and steady hand; The trumpet tongue of

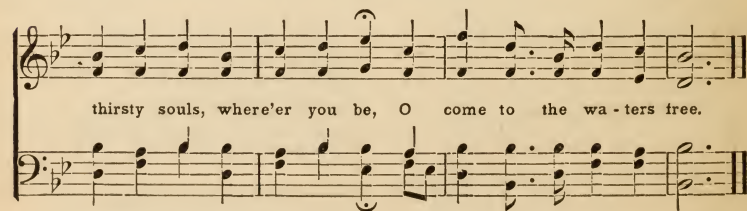


REFRAIN.

gos - pel grace Is ring - ing thro' the land. 'Tis ringing thro' the land, 'Tis



ring - ing thro' the land, The gos - pel mes - sage far and wide; O



thirsty souls, where'er you be, O come to the wa - ters free.

2 Lift high the Saviour's cross,  
Its bold defenders stand,  
While onward now the joyful sound  
Is ringing through the land. *Ref.*

3 'Tis ringing through the land,  
We hear the music still,

And catch the ne'er-forgotten word,  
Come, whosoever will. *Ref.*

4 'Tis ringing thro' the land,  
And soon the world shall fill;  
And every heart with joy shall sing,  
Come, whosoever will. *Ref.*

"The captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."—Heb. 2: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. We are made per-fect through suffering, Per-fect in Je-sus who died;

He is our bless-ed ex-am-ple, Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied.

CHORUS.

Ere we a-wake in His like-ness, Ere we His glo-ry be-hold,

*Rit.*  
We must be tried in the fur-nace. We must be tried like gold.

2 If we would be like our Saviour,  
We must pass under the rod—  
Pass through the deep of affliction,  
Led by the hand of God. *Cho.*

3 'Tis by our crosses and trials.  
Sent by our Father in love,  
We are brought nearer to Jesus,  
Nearer His fold above. *Cho.*

*"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory."*—1 Cor. 15: 57.

MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Spirited.*

1. { We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to glo - ry,  
List-en to the wondrous sto - ry, List-en to the wondrous sto - ry,

We are marching on to glo - ry, Lift the gos - pel ban - ner high; }  
List-en to the wondrous sto - ry, How He gained the vic - to - ry; }

How we found the glorious way, Leading to the happy gates of  
glorious way,

CHORUS.

day. Let us sing, Let us sing Of our  
Let us sing, let us sing, Let us sing, let us sing

glorious, glorious vic - to - ry; Let us sing, Let us  
Let us sing, let us

# OUR VICTORY. Concluded.

sing Of our glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry.  
 sing, let us sing

- 2 ||: When, beset by sore temptation, || 3 ||: When the clouds were dark above  
 Satan's host against us rose, And the storm came on apace, [us, :||  
 ||: With the armor of salvation :|| ||: He who evermore doth love us :||  
 Did we triumph o'er our foes; Was our shield and hiding-place;  
 Now we praise the Lord on high, Under His protecting wing,  
 For our glorious, glorious victory. *Cho.* Now rejoicing, gladly do we sing. *Cho.*

301.

## O COME, LET US LIFT OUR HEARTS.

FOR OPENING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Sing aloud unto God."—Ps. 81: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O come, let { Let us gratefully }  
 us lift our { hearts to | God, || be glad, and re- { joice in | His sal- | vation;  
 2. The Lord hath { He hath covered }  
 prepared His { throne in | heaven, || Himself with { light as | with a | garment;  
 3. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

1. Let us bow our - { And hal - }  
 selves before Him { with de- | vo-tion, || low His { name with | songs of | praise.  
 2. Yet His mer- { And His dwell- }  
 cy is over | all that | love Him, || ing with | { those who | trust in | Him.  
 3. As it was in the be- {  
 ginning, is now, and { ev-er | shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men. || A- | men.

## 302.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

*"Abide with us; for it is toward evening."*—Luke 24: 29.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

R. LOWRY.

1. A - bide with me; the day de-clines, The sun is in the west;

The shad - ows of the even - ing fall, And bring the hour of rest;

O Sav - iour, it is ev - en - tide, With - in my home this night a-bide.

2 Abide with me; this loving heart  
Has kept a place for Thee;  
The world may with its smiles depart,  
If Thou remain with me;  
O Saviour, it is eventide,  
Within my heart this night abide.

3 Abide with me; amid the gloom  
Of sorrow's cheerless night,  
My soul in helplessness looks up

To Thee, for life and light;  
O Saviour, it is eventide,  
Through all the night with me abide.

4 Abide with me till morning dawns,  
And shades of darkness fly,  
And everlasting glories greet  
The saints' uplifted eye;  
O Saviour, through this eventide,  
Till morning dawns, with me abide.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

## 303.

## A FEW MORE MARCHINGS WEARY.

*"The God of Israel will gather you."*—Isa. 52: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. A few more marchings weary, Then we'll gather home; A few more

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow &amp; Main.

# A FEW MORE MARCHINGS WEARY. Concluded.

storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gather home; A few more days the cross to

bear, And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings weary,

## REFRAIN.

Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rap - id riv - er, Soon we'll

O'er time's rapid,                      Soon we'll rest, we'll

rest for ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we'll gather home.

2 A few more nights of weeping,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more watches keeping,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more victories over sin,  
A few more sheaves to gather in,  
A few more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home. *Ref.*

3 A few more sweet links broken,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more kind words spoken,  
Then we'll gather home;  
A few more partings on the strand,  
And then away to Canaan's land;  
A few more marchings weary,  
Then we'll gather home. *Ref.*

*"Ye shall be witnesses unto me."—Acts 1: 8.*

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY.

1. Art thou one of Christ's a-noint-ed? Wit-ness for the Lord;

'Tis the way that He ap-point-ed, Wit-ness for the Lord;

Now to thee He has en-trust-ed Rich-es, hon-or, power;

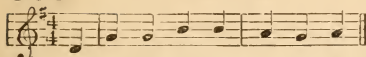
To His flock He gives the king-dom; Hold it hour by hour.

2 Saved by grace, an heir of glory,  
 Witness for the Lord;  
 To thy neighbor tell the story,  
 Witness for the Lord;  
 Tell of Jesus' love and mercy,  
 How He saves from sin,  
 Lest thy silence turn to darkness  
 All the light within.

3 Though thy gift is small, if any,  
 Witness for the Lord;  
 Counting graces few or many,  
 Witness for the Lord;  
 Never fear when harvest cometh  
 Thou shalt have but leaves;  
 Christ with gracious hand will give thee  
 All thy ripened sheaves.

305.

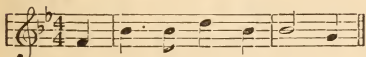
CORONATION. C. M.



- 1 Jesus! the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

306.

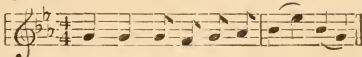
WEBB. 7, 6.



- 1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

307.

SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.



- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need Thy tenderest care;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy folds prepare:  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray:  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
Blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

303.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong:  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show His saving love.

## I AM TRUSTING THEE.

*"In him will I trust"* 2 Sam. 22 : 3.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, my Sav - iour, Trust - ing on - ly

Thee; Trusting Thee for full sal - va - tion, O how great and free!

## REFRAIN.

Trust - ing Thee, on - ly Thee, I am trust - ing on - ly Thee, my

Sav-iour; All my hope is in Thy mer - cy, O how full and free!

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
In Thy grace and tender mercy  
I am trusting now. *Ref.*

3 I am trusting Thee, my Saviour,  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee forever,  
Trusting Thee for all. *Ref.*

*"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—John 6 : 68.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. 'Tis for mer - cy, Lord, I plead, Look on me, look on me ;

'Tis Thy pard - 'ning love I need, Let me come to Thee.

## CHORUS.

I have nowhere else to go, Nowhere else to leave my woe ;

Sav - iour, see, Pit - y me, I have come to Thee.

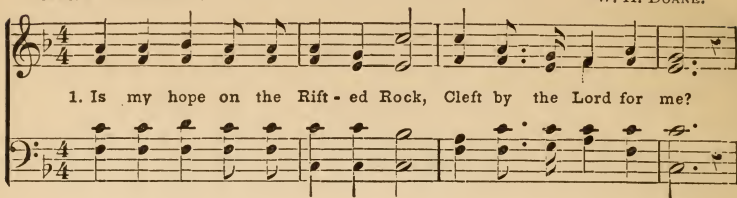
2 Thou must save or I am lost,  
Care for me, care for me ;  
Pressed with sin and tempest-tossed,  
Let me cling to Thee. *Cho.*

3 Thou, the Light of all mankind,  
Shine on me, shine on me ;  
Full salvation let me find,  
Trusting only Thee. *Cho.*

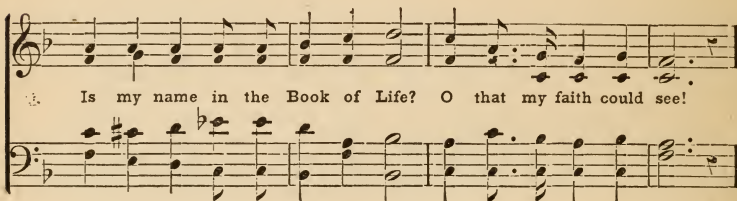
["And another book was opened, which is the book of life."—Rev. 20: 12.]

MRS. F. V. ALSTYNE.

W. H. DOANE.

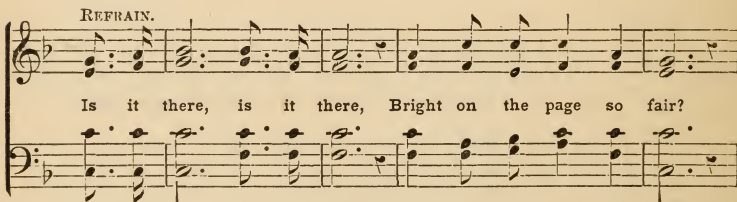


1. Is my hope on the Rift - ed Rock, Cleft by the Lord for me?

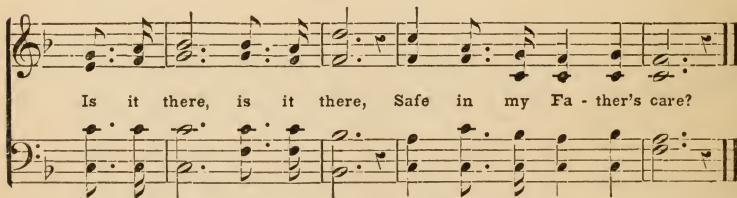


Is my name in the Book of Life? O that my faith could see!

REFRAIN.



Is it there, is it there, Bright on the page so fair?



Is it there, is it there, Safe in my Fa - ther's care?

2 Do I walk with a steadfast eye  
Fixed on the heavenly land?  
Is my name in the Book of Life,  
Graved by a Saviour's hand? *Ref.*

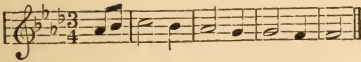
3 Can I say, with a trusting heart,  
Jesus, Thy will, not mine?

Is my name in the Book of Life,  
Sealed by His blood divine? *Ref.*

4 When in death I shall calmly sleep,  
Jesus, to wake with Thee,  
There my name in the Book of Life  
Grant that my eye may see. *Ref.*

312.

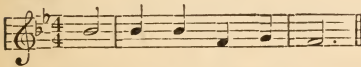
MANOAH. C. M.



- 1 Life from the dead, Almighty God,  
'Tis Thine alone to give;  
To lift the poor inebriate up,  
And bid the helpless live.
- 2 Life from the dead! For those we plead  
Fast bound in passion's chain,  
That, from their iron fetters freed,  
They wake to life again.
- 3 Life from the dead! Quickened by Thee,  
Be all their powers inclined  
To temperance, truth, and piety,  
And pleasures pure, refined.
- 4 And may they by Thy help abide,  
The tempter's power withstood;  
By grace restored and purified,  
In Christ accepted stand.

313.

LENOX. H. M.



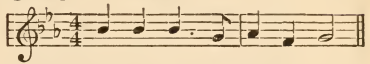
- 1 Thou God of truth and love,  
We seek Thy perfect way,  
Ready Thy choice to approve,  
Thy providence to obey;  
Enter into Thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.
- 2 Why hast Thou cast our lot  
In the same age and place?  
And why together brought  
To see each other's face;  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in Thee?
- 3 Didst Thou not make us one,  
That we might one remain;  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain;  
Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love?
- 4 Surely Thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might  
Before Thy throne appear;  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all Thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear  
The blessed end in view,  
And join, with mutual care,  
To fight our passage through;  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may Thy Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day,  
With all Thy fullness fill,  
And then transport away,—  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

314.

ONIDO. 7. D.



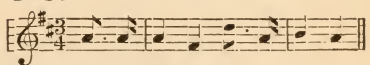
1 Come, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine;  
Give we all, with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord;  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God:  
We, like them, may live and love;  
Called we are their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,  
Now as yesterday the same;  
One in every time and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace:  
We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
Lights in a benighted land:  
We our dying Lord confess;  
We are Jesus' witnesses.

315.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.



Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory  
On the same eternal throne:  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One!

*"The light shineth in darkness."*—John. 1: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

1. O Sav-iour, we ask that Thy Spir-it may come, And fill with Thy

glo-ry our dear Sabbath Home; We ask that Thy presence by faith we may

REFRAIN,

see. While gathered to ren-der our hom-age to Thee. O come, dear

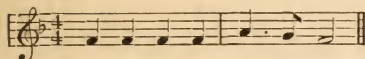
Saviour, O come, we pray And shine on this word as we read it to-day.

2 We thank Thee for all Thy protection and care,  
 For blessings and mercies we constantly share;  
 But most we adore Thee that we may receive  
 The joys that are promised to them that believe. *Ref.*

3 O help us, dear Saviour, our hearts to prepare  
 To dwell in those mansions, so lovely and fair,  
 Which Thou hast provided for those who have heard  
 And followed the truth that is taught in Thy word. *Ref.*

317.

BENEVENTO. 7. D.



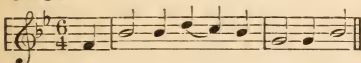
1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here:  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Him above.

318.

ALIDA. C. M. D.



1 How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven,—  
A country far from mortal sight;  
Yet O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed.  
And with His glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessels break,  
And let our ransomed spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek;

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me;  
And shout and wonder at His grace  
Through all eternity!

319.

Tune—ALIDA. C. M. D.

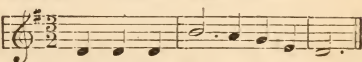
1 Come, let us join our friends above  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise:  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death:  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die:  
His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

320.

TAPPAN. C. M. 5 lines.



1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'Tis found above, in heaven.

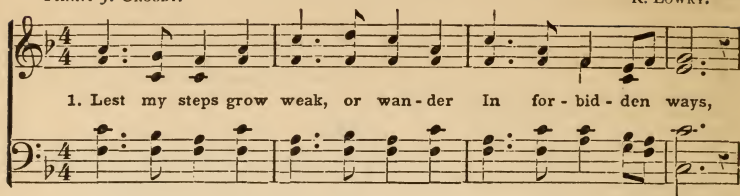
2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven.  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

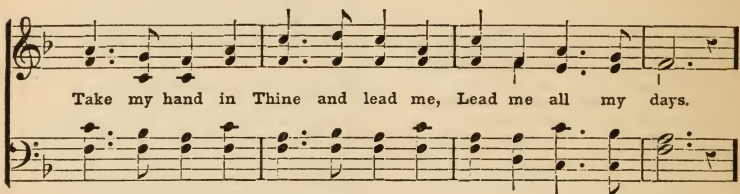
*"We trust in the living God."—1 Tim. 4: 10.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. LOWRY.

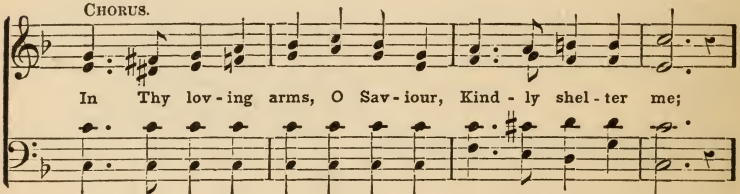


1. Lest my steps grow weak, or wan-der In for-bid-den ways,

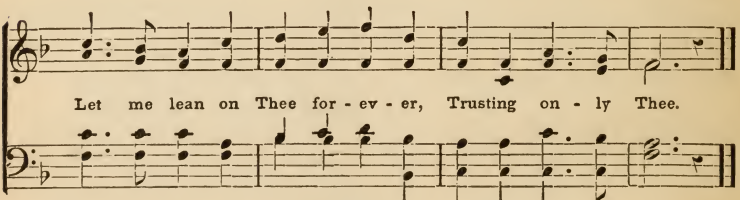


Take my hand in Thine and lead me, Lead me all my days.

## CHORUS.



In Thy lov-ing arms, O Sav-iour, Kind-ly shel-ter me;



Let me lean on Thee for-ev-er, Trusting on-ly Thee.

2 Stronger then to bear my burden  
Heart and soul will be;  
Braver then for every duty,  
When I lean on Thee. *Cho.*

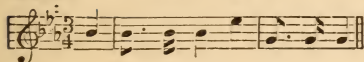
3 Trusting, I shall fear no evil,  
Trusting, I am blest;

Clouds may come, but cannot harm me  
While on Thee I rest. *Cho.*

4 As Thou wilt, with joy or sorrow,  
Fill life's cup for me;  
Only, in the sweet or bitter,  
Let me lean on Thee. *Cho.*

322.

VARINA. C. M. D.



1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore. [flood,

The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

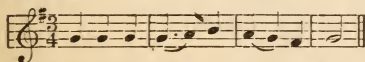
2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

323.

PARK STREET. L. M.



1 Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand;  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

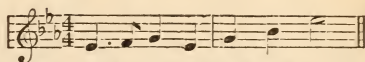
2 Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
But now from all their labors rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;  
They sing the triumph of His grace;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife.  
And win, like them, a crown of life!

325.

BEULAH. 7. D.

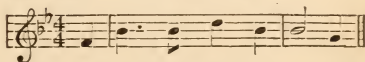


1 Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood;  
Sufferers in His righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow;  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night;  
God resides among His own.  
God doth in His saints delight.

326.

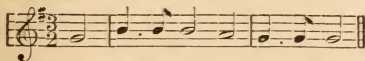
WEBB. 7. 6.



To Thee be praise forever.  
Thou glorious King of kings!  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings:  
We'll celebrate Thy glory,  
With all Thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of Thy redeeming love.

324.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

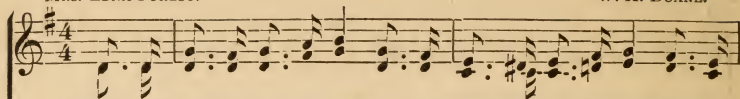


1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see

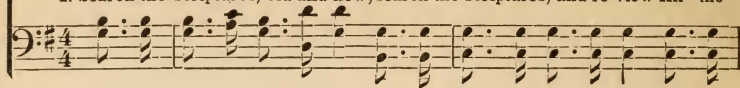
*"Search the scriptures."*—John. 5 : 39.

MRS. EDNA FOREST.

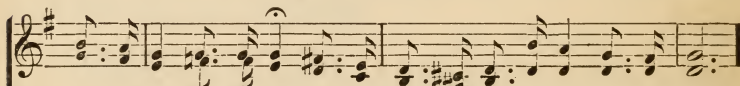
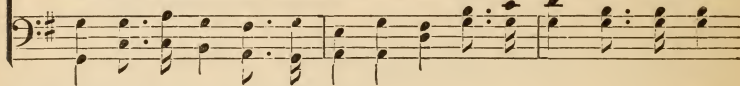
W. H. DOANE.



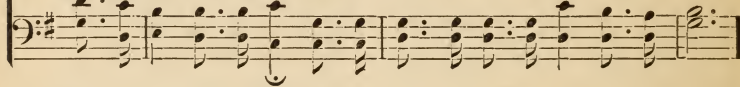
1. Search the scriptures, old and new, search the scriptures, and re-view All the



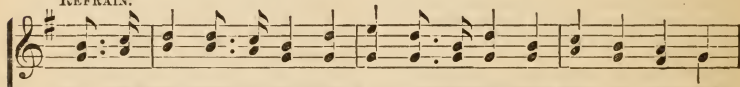
works that were done by Je - ho - vah's hand; How His chil - dren were led,



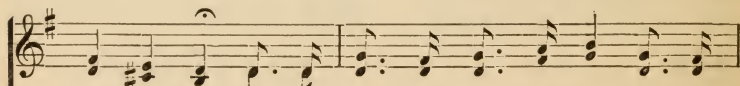
and with man - na were fed, How He brought them to a fair, good-ly land.



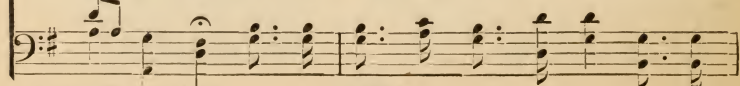
## REFRAIN.



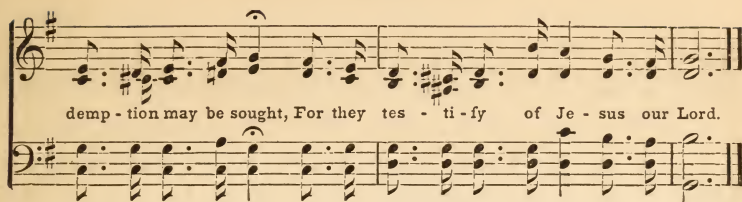
Go and search them in ear-nest; God has designed That Life e - ter - nal



we shall find: There His ho - ly will is taught, There Re -



# SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. Concluded.

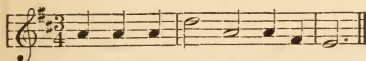


demp - tion may be sought, For they tes - ti - fy of Je - sus our Lord.

- 2 Search the scriptures day by day; they are rules to guide our way,  
As we work for the Lord in the world's great field;  
O 'tis sweet to believe every promise we read,  
By a holy inspiration revealed. *Ref.*
- 3 When our duty we would know, to the scriptures we must go,  
For the Saviour's commands are recorded there;  
And their pages so bright, from the wrong to the right  
Will direct us if we search them with care. *Ref.*

## 328.

REST. L. M.



1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep!  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest!  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

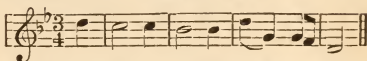
4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

2 Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope, may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with Him above.

## 330.

CHINA. C. M.



1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow  
When God recalls His own,  
And bids them leave a world of woe,  
For an immortal crown!

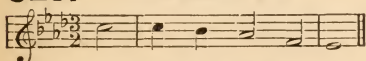
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,  
And they are fully blest;  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;  
God has recalled His own;  
But let our hearts, in every woe,  
Still say, "Thy will be done."

## 329.

STATE STREET. S. M.



1 O for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
O be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"He leadeth me."—Ps. 23: 3.

W. H. DOANE.

1. With gen - tle hand He leadeth me A - long my lone - ly way;

Thro' all my wea - ry wand'rings here, The Lord has been my stay.

## REFRAIN.

With gen - tle hand He leadeth me, Thro' sor - row, toil, and gloom;

And well I know, where'er I go, His hand will lead me home.

2 With gentle hand He leadeth me  
When clouds above me roll,  
And nearest in the darkest hour  
He comes to cheer my soul. *Ref.*

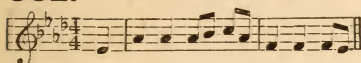
3 With gentle hand He leadeth me  
In pastures green and fair,

He bids me drink the cooling streams  
That glide so peaceful there. *Ref.*

4 With gentle hand He leadeth me;  
And, when my work is o'er,  
He'll take me in His loving arms,  
To rest for evermore. *Ref.*

332.

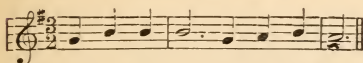
MOUNT PISGAH. C. M.



- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day:  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

333.

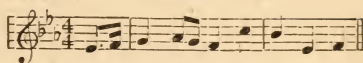
GOING HOME. L. M.



- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,  
Nor pain nor death can enter there;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more;  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

334.

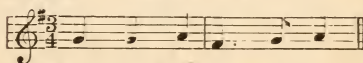
BURLINGTON. C. M.



- 1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,  
In our attentive ears.  
Thy wonders in their days performed,  
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their  
To them salvation gave: [sword,  
'Twas not their number, nor their  
strength,  
That did their country save;
- 3 But Thy right hand, Thy powerful arm,  
Whose succor they implored;  
Thy providence protected them,  
Who Thy great name adored.
- 4 As Thee their God our fathers owned,  
So Thou art still our King;  
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,  
To us deliverance bring.

335.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

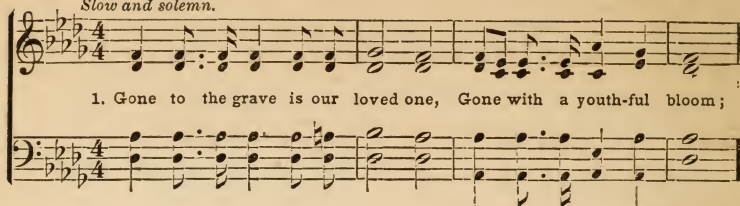


- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrims' pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

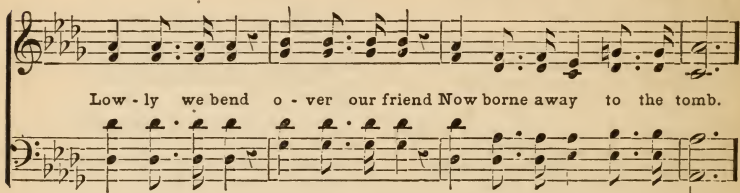
R. L.

*"The valley of the shadow of death."*—Ps. 23 : 4.

R. LOWRY.

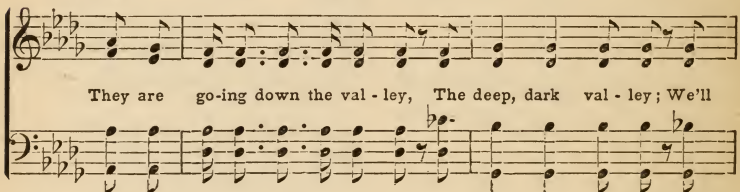
*Slow and solemn.*


1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youth-ful bloom;

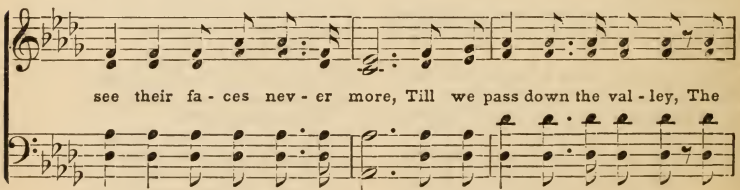


Low-ly we bend o-ver our friend Now borne away to the tomb.

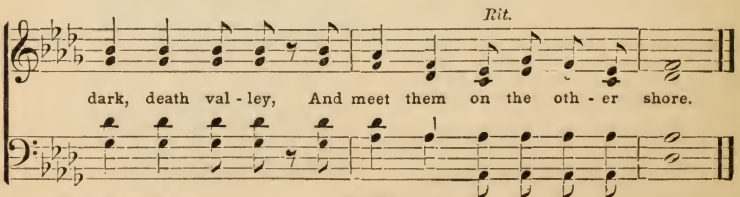
REFRAIN.



They are go-ing down the val-ley, The deep, dark val-ley; We'll



see their fa-ces nev-er more, Till we pass down the val-ley, The



*Rit.*  
dark, death val-ley, And meet them on the oth-er shore.

# GOING DOWN THE VALLEY. Concluded.

- 2 Oft we have mingled together,  
Sometimes with prayer and song;  
Now when we meet, this one we greet  
Never again in our throng. *Ref.*
- 3 Sweetly the form will be sleeping  
Under the eypress shade;

- Sad though we be, fondly will we  
Cherish the name of the dead. *Ref.*
- 4 Down in the valley they're going,  
Down to the other shore;  
But with the blest, ever at rest,  
Weeping will come never more. *Ref.*

## 337. HAIL, THOU ONCE REJECTED SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. { Hail, Thou once re-ject-ed Sav-iour, Now ex-alt-ed on Thy throne; }  
 { King of king-doms, Prince of prin-ces, Crowns and sceptres are Thine own; }

Hail, Thou once re-ject-ed Sav-iour, Lamb of God for sinners slain;

Raised from death to life e-ter-nal, More than conq'r'er Thou shalt reign.

- 2 Hail, Thou once rejected Saviour.  
Thou whose blood for man was shed;  
Thou shalt come, and we believe it,  
Come to judge the quick and dead;  
In the glory of Thy Father,  
Veiled in clouds Thou shalt descend;  
Every eye shall then behold Thee.  
At Thy voice the rocks shall rend.

- 3 Hail, thou once rejected Saviour,  
Now adored by saints above;  
O for tongues to speak Thy goodness,  
O for harps to sing Thy love!  
When within the veil, immortal,  
Clothed in white, our souls are brought,-  
When we see Thee in Thy beauty,  
We shall praise Thee as we ought.

*"They seek a country."*—Heb. 11: 14.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY.

*Slow.*

1. A few more prayers—a few more tears— It won't be long, it won't be

long,— A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song—this earthly

song; Then I'll go to my rest . . . . . in the val - ley.

to my rest

2 A little pain—a little joy—  
 And, less or more, it matters not;  
 Some mingling yet with earth's alloy,  
 And then forgot—ah! soon forgot—  
 While I sleep, calmly sleep in the valley.

3 A little gathering of the loved,  
 Whose patient hearts were always true;  
 Some tears to mingle with the sod—  
 A very few—a very few—  
 When they lay me to rest in the valley.

4 But Jesus' love—His precious love—  
 Will be my stay—my only stay;  
 And radiance, gleaming from above,  
 Will light the way—the lonely way—  
 When my soul passes through the dark valley.

*"Casting all your care upon him."*—1 Pet. 5: 7.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Careful be for noth-ing; Tell it all to God; He has not for - got - ten,

Still His love is broad; In your sup - pli - ca - tion, In your every prayer,

REFRAIN.  
Tell to Him your sor-row, Tell to Him your care. Careful be for noth-ing,

Tell it all to God; He has not for - got - ten, Still His love is broad.

2 Careful be for nothing;  
See the lilies grow:  
They are never anxious,  
Care they never know;  
David's Son so royal,  
Never was arrayed  
Like the simplest flow'ret  
God has ever made. *Ref.*

3 Careful be for nothing;  
Why that anxious face?  
Trust Him for His mercy,  
Trust Him for His grace;  
All things He has promised,  
Written are in blood;  
Plead the name of Jesus,  
He will make them good. *Ref.*

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.



ACTIVITY, 8, 17, 46, 93, 145, 172, 193, 195, 201, 204, 205, 214, 224, 225, 234, 238, 304.  
AFFLICTION, 148, 162, 180, 189, 299.

BENEVOLENCE, 8, 61.

BIBLE, 90, 271, 316, 327.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH, 18, 69, 77, 113, 127, 212, 258, 290.

CHRIST, BIRTH OF, 45, 119, 168.

CHRIST, DEATH OF, 78, 80, 81.

CHRIST, RESURRECTION OF, 103, 223.

CHRIST, SECOND ADVENT OF, 144, 235, 236, 337.

CLOSING, 37.

COMING TO CHRIST, 87, 134, 139, 141, 158, 160, 169, 194, 219, 257, 269, 284, 310.

CONSECRATION, 16, 21, 105, 137, 154, 161, 167, 171, 174, 178, 179, 199, 226, 246, 280.

DEPENDENCE, 11, 20, 22, 41, 50, 53, 82, 91, 107, 140, 143, 147, 157, 181, 187, 192, 202, 203, 206,  
207, 229, 233, 240, 259, 260, 264, 268, 275, 277, 281, 282, 291, 296, 302, 307, 331.

DOXOLOGIES, 23, 55, 67, 315, 326.

FAITH, 30, 40, 50, 51, 58, 60, 62, 79, 83, 92, 102, 131, 137, 139, 148, 157, 166, 170, 177, 198, 208,  
210, 216, 217, 218, 231, 237, 241, 272, 274, 285, 309, 321, 339.

HEAVEN, 9, 10, 25, 39, 75, 189, 249, 251, 266, 303, 320, 322, 323, 324, 325, 332, 333.

HOLY SPIRIT, 38, 43, 84, 88, 89, 159.

HOPE, 9, 39, 45, 150, 215, 216, 232, 239, 318.

INVITATION, 49, 70, 77, 93, 94, 95, 106, 110, 111, 112, 114, 115, 117, 118, 122, 130, 133, 156, 185,  
243, 250, 252.

JOY, 15, 56, 71, 99, 126, 149, 152, 170, 173, 190, 227, 256, 262, 285, 286, 318, 319.

JUDGMENT, 248, 311, 337.

LIFE AND DEATH, 328, 329, 330, 336, 338.

LORD'S DAY, 244.

LOVE, 54, 61, 69, 100, 145, 165, 213, 214, 273, 283, 287, 294, 296, 313, 314, 319.

MISSIONARY, 104, 188, 235, 263, 271, 293, 295, 298, 306.

NEW YEAR, 221, 317.

OPENING, 36, 86, 301.

OUR COUNTRY, 334, 335.

PRaise TO CHRIST, 1, 3, 4, 5, 48, 63, 65, 66, 71, 73, 96, 109, 129, 222, 228, 245, 254, 267, 288,  
297, 305, 314, 337.

PRaise TO GOD, 6, 7, 13, 32, 44, 47, 52, 85, 120, 121, 155, 164, 213, 214, 247, 326.

PRAYER, 24, 27, 28, 59, 68, 76, 146; 209, 220, 242, 253, 255, 261, 265, 270, 276, 278.

REPENTANCE, 31, 123, 124, 128, 132, 136, 153, 184, 191.

REST, 116, 176, 182, 183, 200.

SALVATION, 64, 72, 74, 78, 80, 97, 98, 101, 108, 125, 135, 142, 150, 151, 163, 175, 182, 279, 292.

TEMPERANCE, 46, 303, 312.

TRINITY, 19, 57.

WARFARE, 2, 17, 26, 46, 138, 186, 196, 197, 211, 289, 300.

WORSHIP, 6, 7, 11, 12, 14, 21, 27, 28, 29, 33, 34, 35, 36, 42, 155, 270, 278.

# INDEX.



Titles in Caps—First Lines in Roman.

A.	NO.	C.	NO.
ABIDE WITH ME.....	302	CAREFUL BE FOR NOTHING.....	339
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.....	41	Chief of sinners though I be.....	161
A brighter day is breaking.....	263	CHILD OF A KING.....	30
ADVENT SONG.....	168	Children of the heavenly King.....	262
A FEW MORE MARCHINGS WEARY.....	303	CHILDREN'S PRAYER.....	212
A few more prayers—a few more tears..	338	Christ, from whom all blessings flow.....	296
Ah! whither should I go.....	141	CHRISTIAN FREEDOM SONG.....	263
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	80	CHRISTIAN'S BATTLE SONG.....	17
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	63	Christians, brethren, ere we part.....	13
All praise to our redeeming Lord.....	288	CHRIST IS ALL.....	83
ALONE WITH JESUS.....	60	CHRIST IS RISEN INDEED.....	103
A LOVING FRIEND MY SHEPHERD IS.....	129	"Christ the Lord is risen to-day".....	103
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound..	175	CHRISTIAN, WATCH AND PRAY.....	172
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	197	CLOSER, CLOSER, LORD, TO THEE.....	233
And are we yet alive.....	297	Come, and let us sweetly join.....	314
And can it be that I should gain.....	151	Come at the morning hour.....	276
And can I yet delay.....	139	Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire... ..	89
And must I be to judgment brought.....	248	Come, humble sinner, in whose breast... ..	133
Arise, my soul, arise.....	163	COME, LEARN OF THE MEEK AND LOWLY.....	252
Art thou one of Christ's anointed.....	304	COME, LET US ADORE HIM.....	245
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	328	Come, let us join our cheerful songs... ..	4
As pants the hart for cooling streams... ..	187	Come, let us join our friends above.....	319
AT THE DOOR OF MERCY.....	31	Come, let us use the grace divine.....	246
At the golden gate of prayer I wait.....	59	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	257
Awake, and sing the song.....	5	Come, O come, Thou heavenly Dove... ..	38
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve... ..	205	Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....	52
		Come on, my partners in distress.....	232
		Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord.....	123
		Come, poor sinner, to the blessed.....	94
		Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....	106
		Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....	118
		Come, Thou almighty King.....	19
		Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints... ..	29
		Come, Thou Fount of every blessing... ..	260
		COME, THOU HEAVENLY DOVE.....	38
		COME TO JESUS, WEARY WANDERER.....	185
		Come, weary sinners, come.....	117
		Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	111
		Come, ye that love the Lord.....	15
		COMFORT IN PRAYER.....	146
		CROSS AND CROWN.....	16
B.			
Beyond this vale of sense and sin.....	9		
Blest are the pure in heart.....	154		
Blest are the sons of peace.....	283		
Blest be the tie that binds.....	294		
Blest hour, when mortal man retires.....	27		
Blessed are the friends of Jesus.....	200		
BLESSED JESUS, KIND AND MILD.....	127		
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	98		
BRING IN THE CHILDREN.....	93		
BY FAITH I COME.....	219		

# INDEX.

D.		NO.		NO.
DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME.....	290	How sad our state by nature is.....	131	
Deep are the wounds which sin has.....	97	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds....	96	
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	124	How tedious and tasteless the hours....	268	
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	136			
Divine Redeemer, come, we pray.....	86			
E.		I.		
EVENTIDE.....	41	I AM HAPPY IN THE LORD.....	99	
		I am Jesus' little, little friend.....	258	
		I am looking toward the east for the.....	235	
		I AM TOILING ON A RESTLESS OCEAN.....	39	
		I AM TRUSTING THEE.....	309	
		I am waiting all day for my Lord.....	144	
		I am walking in the steps of Jesus.....	217	
		I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.....	238	
		If shadows overcast my morn.....	92	
		IF YE ABIDE IN ME.....	199	
		I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM.....	284	
		I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	160	
		I KNOW THERE'S A REST.....	176	
		I lay my sins on Jesus.....	269	
		I'll sing aloud the grace divine.....	228	
		I LOVE MY GOD.....	213	
		I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	287	
		I love to tell the story.....	214	
		I'M NEARING THE VALLEY.....	189	
		I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	198	
		I need Thee every hour.....	281	
		In the cross of Christ I glory.....	64	
		In the harvest field there is work to do.....	201	
		IN THE VALLEY.....	338	
		In Thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	36	
		IS MY HOPE ON THE RIFTED ROCK?.....	311	
		I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God.....	178	
		I'VE WANDERED LONG.....	128	
		I was a wandering sheep.....	166	
F.		J.		
Fade, fade each earthly joy.....	215	Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	203	
Father, lead Thy little children.....	113	Jesus, hear me when I pray.....	206	
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	162	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	226	
FEAR NOT.....	135	Jesus, let Thy pitying eye.....	191	
Forever here my rest shall be.....	182	Jesus loved the children.....	69	
FOREVER WITH THE LORD.....	9	Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	230	
From every stormy wind that blows.....	209	JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.....	69	
From the wilds of sin, from its perils....	284	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	169	
		JESUS, ONLY JESUS.....	102	
		Jesus says, If any man.....	16	
		Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	295	
		JESUS' LITTLE FRIEND.....	258	
		Jesus! the name high over all.....	305	
		Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	254	
		Jesus, Thine all-victorious love.....	165	
		Jesus, Thou everlasting King.....	48	
		Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.....	72	
		Jesus, we look to Thee.....	33	
		Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.....	28	
		JOY FILLS MY HEART.....	56	
		Joy! joy! mercy has pardoned me.....	56	
		Joy to the world! the Lord is come.....	71	
		Just as I am, without one plea.....	134	
		JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.....	190	
		Just to let Thy Father do.....	147	
G.				
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.....	229			
Give me the wings of faith, to rise.....	324			
Give to the winds thy fears.....	210			
Glad was my heart to hear.....	14			
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	286			
GLORY LAND.....	266			
Glory to Thee, my God, this night.....	42			
God is my strong salvation.....	208			
GOD WILL NOT LEAVE HIS OWN.....	40			
Go forth, go forth in our armor clad.....	17			
Go forward, Christian soldier.....	196			
GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.....	59			
GONE TO THE GRAVE IS OUR LOVED ONE.....	336			
GO THOU ALONE TO JESUS.....	24			
GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.....	18			
Great Jehovah, we adore Thee.....	315			
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	53			
H.				
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	65			
HAIL, THOU ONCE REJECTED SAVIOUR.....	337			
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord.....	192			
HAUK! THERE COMES A WHISPER.....	156			
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling.....	204			
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	110			
HAS YOUR HEART NO ROOM FOR JESUS?.....	250			
HEarken TO THE MUSIC.....	26			
Hear, O Lord, we beseech Thee.....	212			
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord.....	12			
He came in his beauty, strength and.....	243			
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies.....	81			
He leadeth me! O blessed thought.....	207			
HE LEADS ME STILL.....	137			
Here from the world we turn.....	76			
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness.....	84			
HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!.....	57			
How can a sinner know.....	170			
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the.....	241			
How gentle God's commands.....	50			
How happy every child of grace.....	318			
How helpless nature lies.....	91			

# INDEX.

K.		NO.			NO.
KEEP ME FAITHFUL.....	206		O COME, LET US LIFT OUR HEARTS.....	301	
Know, my soul, thy full salvation.....	227		O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.....	218	
L.			Of Him who did salvation bring.....	95	
LABOR ON.....	201		O for a closer walk with God.....	184	
LEAD THOU ME.....	82		O for a faith that will not shrink.....	231	
LEARNING OF JESUS.....	277		O for a glance of heavenly day.....	143	
Lest my steps grow weak, or wander.....	321		O for a heart to praise my God.....	174	
Let earth and heaven agree.....	109		O for a thousand tongues, to sing.....	3	
Let Him to whom we now belong.....	179		O for the death of those.....	329	
LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.....	272		O God, our help in ages past.....	247	
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.....	77		O happy day that fixed my choice.....	152	
LET US MAGNIFY THE LORD.....	164		O HOLY SPIRIT.....	43	
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE OUT.....	234		O how happy are they.....	173	
Life from the dead, Almighty God.....	312		O LAND ABOVE.....	251	
LIFT HIGH THE SAVIOUR'S CROSS.....	298		O Lord, our fathers oft have told.....	334	
LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.....	92		O my restless, longing soul.....	102	
LIGHT OF LIGHT.....	244		On a still, clear night.....	168	
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessi g.....	37		ONE HOUR WITH THEE.....	278	
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....	149		One more day's work for Jesus.....	224	
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.....	171		ONE THING THOU LACKEST.....	243	
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	183		On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	332	
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	140		ONLY A BROKEN HEART.....	153	
Lord, mine must be a spotless dress.....	83		ON TO THE CONFLICT.....	46	
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	11		O Saviour, we ask that Thy Spirit.....	316	
LORD, WHERE THOU WILT.....	157		O Thou God of my salvation.....	267	
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band.....	323		O Thou that hearest prayer.....	88	
LOVE AND WORK.....	145		O THOU TO WHOM WE PRAY.....	107	
Love divine, all love excelling.....	181		O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore.....	7	
Lovers of pleasure more than God.....	125		O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye.....	115	
M.			OUR GLAD HOSANNA.....	1	
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	73		Our Saviour's voice, how oft it comes.....	40	
MARCH ON! O BANNER OF JESUS.....	211		OUR VICTORY.....	300	
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature.....	249		O what a message our ears have heard.....	77	
More love to Thee, O Christ.....	273		O WHAT SHALL WE GAIN?.....	87	
MORE TRUST IN THEE.....	291		O where shall rest be found.....	116	
Mourn for the thousands slain.....	308		P.		
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	167		PLEADING FOR THEE.....	292	
My country! 'tis of thee.....	335		PRaise FOR HIS EXCELLENT GREATNEs.s.....	120	
My days are passing sweetly by.....	137		Praise God, from whom all blessings.....	23	
My faith looks up to Thee.....	274		PRaise HIM.....	228	
My Father is rich in houses and lands.....	30		PRaise, MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN.....	32	
My God, how endless is Thy love.....	21		Praise the God of our salvation.....	55	
My God, the spring of all my joys.....	256		Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee.....	47	
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right.....	225		Prayer is appointed to convey.....	220	
My heavenly home is bright and fair.....	333		PRAY THOU FOR ME.....	68	
My hope is built on nothing less.....	150		PRAYER FOR BLESSING.....	86	
My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....	237		PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.....	299	
My son, know thou the Lord.....	122		R.		
My soul, repeat His praise.....	44		Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	142	
N.			S.		
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	264		Salvation! O the joyful sound.....	108	
No one can tell what the heart may.....	277		Saviour, bless a little child.....	290	
Now from the altar of our hearts.....	34		Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	35	
O.			Saviour, let me still abide.....	82	
O Banner of Jesus, in triumph.....	211		Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	307	
O BLESSED CRYSTAL RIVER.....	293		Saviour, who died for me.....	280	
O COME, DEAR SAVIOUR.....	316		SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.....	327	
			Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	132	

# INDEX.

	NO.		NO.
SING HIS GLORY.....	121	Tossed by the tempest, with sorrows....	68
SING OF THE BRIGHT FOREVER.....	75	To Thee be praise forever.....	326
SOLDIERS OF ZION.....	2	To the Lord our God, to the Lord our.....	121
SOMETHING FROM THEE, LORD.....	61	To the shadow of the rock.....	158
Sometimes a light surprises.....	216	To Thy dear cross, O Lord, I flee.....	219
SOUND THE TRUMPET, WATCHMAN.....	104	Tread softly, tread softly, that garden.....	292
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	193	TRUSTING ONLY THEE.....	321
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word.....	271	Try us, O God, and search the ground.....	282
Stand up, and bless the Lord.....	6	'T WILL NOT BE LONG.....	180
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	186		
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	20		
SWEET ARE THE BELLS.....	223		
SWEET COMMUNION.....	270		
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of.....	242		
SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.....	76		
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	265		

## T.

Take the name of Jesus with you.....	222
Take thy staff and journey homeward.....	10
Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal.....	259
THE BLESSED FEAST.....	94
THE DAWN OF DAY.....	235
THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.....	113
The Glory Land where Jesus reigns.....	266
The head that once was crowned with.....	66
THE HOUR IS COMING.....	144
The Lord is my Shepherd.....	62
The morning light is breaking.....	306
The praying spirit breathe.....	275
THE PRECIOUS PART.....	200
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	101
There is a land of pure delight.....	322
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	320
THERE IS A STAR.....	45
THERE IS JOY IN MY HEART TO-DAY.....	126
There's a gentle voice within.....	194
THERE'S A HOME, WEARY PILGRIM.....	10
There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	54
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.....	158
The Spirit, in our hearts.....	112
THEY HAVE REACHED THE SUNNY SHORE.....	25
They who seek the throne of grace.....	255
THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.....	119
Though troubles assail, and dangers.....	58
Thou God of truth and love.....	313
Thou very present Aid.....	51
Throne of eternal love.....	146
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....	22
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.....	100
THY SAVIOUR SEE.....	70
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	240
Thy word, Almighty Lord.....	90
'Tis FOR MERCY, LORD, I PLEAD.....	310
'Tis not alone to feel Thy love.....	145
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	67
To GOD ON HIGH.....	155
To JESUS I WILL GO.....	194

## V.

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures.....	236
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	177

## W.

WALKING IN THE STEPS OF JESUS.....	217
WASHED AND REDEEMED.....	279
Washed in the blood that was shed.....	279
Watch, for the time is short.....	172
We are made perfect through suffering.....	299
We are marching on to glory.....	300
WE ARE TENTING TO-DAY.....	289
We journey through a wilderness.....	251
WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS.....	85
What a Friend we have in Jesus.....	261
WHAT HE WILL.....	147
WHAT OF THE NIGHT, WATCHMAN?.....	188
WHAT SHALL I DO FOR JESUS.....	8
WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE?.....	221
What various hindrances we meet.....	253
When at morn we wake from sleep.....	60
When angry storms are beating.....	272
When I can read my title clear.....	239
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	78
WHEREFORE SHOULD OUR HEART BE.....	148
Where the cloud of glory, resting.....	270
While life prolongs its precious light.....	114
While Thee I seek, protecting Power.....	202
While, with ceaseless course, the sun.....	317
Who are these arrayed in white.....	325
WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?.....	138
"WHOSOEVER".....	49
WHY NOT COME TO JESUS?.....	130
Why should our tears in sorrow flow.....	330
Why should the children of a King.....	159
WITH GENTLE HAND HE LEADETH ME.....	331
With glorious clouds encompassed.....	74
With joy we meditate the grace.....	79
WITNESS FOR THE LORD.....	304
WORD DIVINE.....	271
Work, for the night is coming.....	195
WORTHY THY GOSPEL, LORD.....	105

## Z.

Zion stands with hills surrounded.....	285
--	-----







# BIGLOW = = & MAIN'S

Popular Music Books,  
— FOR —  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER, PRAISE,  
and GOSPEL MEETINGS.

GOOD AS GOLD, .....	\$30 per 100
GOOD AS GOLD, Hymn Book, 10 "	
WELCOME TIDINGS, .....	30 "
BRIGHTEST AND BEST, .....	30 "
ROYAL DIADEN, .....	30 "
PURE GOLD, .....	30 "
BRIGHT JEWELS, .....	30 "
NEW HYMNARY, .....	40 "
THE ALLELUIA, .....	40 "
BOOK OF PRAISE, .....	40 "
SONGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS, 30 "	


## Gospel Hymns Complete.

Embracing Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Used in the Meetings held by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. Contains the largest collection of favorite Devotional Songs extant. Over Ten Hundred Thousand Copies have been sold.


Price, Music Ed'n, B'd Covers, \$99 per 100  
" Word " " " 25 per 100

Nos. 1, 2, 3 & 4, in separate volumes.  
Price, each No., Music Edition, \$30 per 100  
" " Word " 5 per 100

 The above prices are for Books sent by Express. Add postage if by Mail.

## SUPERIOR MUSIC BOOKS

FOR MUSIC TEACHERS, CONVENTIONS,  
CHOIRS, ACADEMIES, SCHOOLS, Etc.

 Complete Catalogue of our Publications and Specimen pages, sent on request.

## BIGLOW & MAIN,

76 East Ninth Street, | 81 Randolph Street,  
NEW YORK. | CHICAGO.

# PHILLIPS & HUNT

HAVE JUST ISSUED

THREE NEW LIBRARIES,

DESIGNATED AS

Fifty Volume Library,  
No. 1, 2 & 3.

These 150 Volumes are of the best of Sunday School Library Books. 16 and 12 mo. in size, such as Kirkwood Library, Edith Vernon's Life Work, Home Story Series, &c., &c.

Each set is put up in a Library Case, and has 50 Catalogues.

Price, per Set, \$25.00.

Other Books, New and Desirable, for Sunday School Libraries and Home Reading.

## Lindendale Stories.

By DR. DANIEL WISE. Five Volumes in a Box.

Illustrated, 16mo. Price, \$5.60

## Ruth, the Moabitess.

The Ancestress of our LORD. By ROSS C. HOUGHTON, D. D.

Illustrated, 12mo. Price, \$1.50

## The Quaint Folk at Haverly.

By E. E. BOYD. 16mo. 75 Cents.

## The Burden Lifted.

By JOSEPHINE POLLARD. 16mo. 75 Cents.

## Heroes of Holland.

The Founders and Defenders of the Dutch Republic. By CHAS. K. TRUE, D. D.

16mo. \$1.50

## The Life of Bishop Janes

By H. RIDGEWAY, D. D. 12mo. \$1.50

## Havilah.

By MRS. LUCY A. SPOTTSWOOD. Illustrated, 16mo. \$1.00

# PHILLIPS & HUNT,

805 Broadway, New York.